APRIL
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"AMERICAN BEAUTIES FOR THE AMERICAN BEAUTY," HE SAID, PINNING IT ON HER COAT

—See page 415

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The Prairie Wife

WHAT A PRAIRIE WOMAN HAS TO SAY ABOUT A WOMAN'S LIFE IN WESTERN CANADA

By A. M. Ross

Illustrated from Photographs

FROM time to time scribblers from the East and from the Old World make hasty trips through the west, gaze at the country from the car windows, "do" a city like Vancouver, Calgary or Edmonton in a day or two, and in that time succeed in analyzing the financial and social conditions of the place to their final residue. They hire a carriage, perhaps, and drive out to visit some farmer's wife, whom they may unluckily find up to her elbows in the wash tub or in the throes of house cleaning, take her as "typical" (they love that word) and then having assimilated all there is to know, go home to their garrets and write "impressions" that are about as wide of the mark as one might naturally expect them to be under the circumstances; and which make the prairie woman and her city sister as well, hot with indignation at their stupid misrepresentations. One of these women journalists, whom I met about a year ago, and who, to my certainty gained her knowledge of Vancouver, a city of 150,000, in the course of about two days, went home and wrote that the women of Western Canada were, in her opinion, the most unhappy women in the world! That was surely news to them.

Another scribbler whose knowledge of his or her subject must have been very slight, has sketched the following dolorous picture of the "prairie wife."

> None of her youthful beauty remains. She has lost the freshness in the prairie wind, the round figure between the awkward kitchen steps and the pump. The curved cheek has melted into the hard line of jaw and cheek bone. The mouth has lost its old quick curves. The eyes are tired and a little accusing—accusing not of husband, nor the prairie, nor the children, nor the housework, but accusing life itself. She is a tired woman, with nothing left to dream about The husband is out yonder, busy in the fields, among his men, among his horses; he gets to town sometimes —a twenty mile journey. He still banters his wife affectionately, but she does not respond as she once responded . . . . . We talk glibly of the golden grain, the Empire's granary, the sturdy Western farmer. She is left out of the picture, while she should be glorified in her dirty apron, her untidy hair, her worn temper, and her over-worked hands. She is the heroine of the plains and often, when the wheat has made the farmer rich and given

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his daughters finishing courses in Paris, the heroine is taken on a tour of the world, when it is too late, when she is too tired to respond to new stimulants, too weary to care for the colors of life again.

Now, as my father came to Western Canada at the time when there was not a foot of railroad past Winnipeg, which is about the centre of the continent; as he drove to his first homestead, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, bringing his wife and family of five children with him in a prairie schooner: as he settled at a spot which was fifteen miles from the nearest town or post office; and as I worked my way through university by teaching in summer schools, always on the outskirts of civilization, I hope I may be pardoned for the presumption of thinking I know something about the life of a prairie woman; and to the best of my knowledge and belief the ghastly picture sketched above is far from being correct.

Whoever drew it was apparently unaware of the fact that a large proportion of the settlers that have come within recent years to the western prairie provinces are not only intelligent, well-educated people, but well-to-do, and far too progressive to put up with "awkward kitchen steps". As for the pump, if the writer of the above elegy had been at all familiar with the west he (or she) would have known that water, for laundry purposes at least, is almost always a problem, as the natural water is so hard. Therefore people, with any "get-up" about them usually have soft water cisterns conveniently placed, or at least rain water barrels. Failing that, the water for laundry and all purposes except drinking and cooking is hauled by one of the farm hands from the nearest soft water pond so that the amount of pumping done by the housewife is usually not sufficient to spoil her figure.

As for the prairie wife having a "dirty apron, untidy hair and a worn temper," whether she has or not depends largely on her upbringing. There is, as I will attempt to show later, really no excuse for the first two at least. Unlike her Eastern sister on an Ontario dairy farm, the prairie woman seldom milks cows or does any work outside the home and as the mail order house supplies most of the clothing and household linen required almost as cheap as she could make it, she seldom does much sewing.

To be sure there are some slovenly creatures such as the one pictured in the above quotation, though as far as my experience goes they form an unhappy minority, and most of them could pen elegies compared with which the famous wails of Jeremiah would dwindle into insignificance, since it is more than probable that their management is as slovenly and discouraging as their appearance, and they are sure to be able to tell heart-rending tales of disappointment and failure. I have known just such people and their untidy appearance, untidy house and ill-cooked meals were enough to take the heart out of the bravest man.

By the way I once heard a mounted policeman, who had been posted for years on the plains and had seen many a colony planted, take root and flourish, enunciate the following axiom: "Whenever you see a man who is doing extra well it is safe betting that there is a wife behind who is supplying the motive force." It is absolutely fatal, therefore, when the wife loses her grip and allows herself to become "a tired woman, with nothing left to dream about". However, the women I have met have been of quite a different type.

Looking back over the women I have known I would say that, generally speaking, the life of the prairie woman is far from being unhappy. Whether it is or not depends on her husband and on her temperament and ideals. If her husband is considerate, he will take pains to make everything as convenient for her as possible. For instance, there is no reason why the kitchen steps should be awkward when by using a little common sense they can be made convenient, possibly without any additional outlay.

Then, if the woman is intelligent and refined, she will contrive to make her house a home, be it built of sod or logs or lumber. It is marvellous what the pioneer woman can do with a few

yards of unbleached calico, with which she smoothes out the inequalities of wall and ceiling, forming a smooth foundation for paper or a coat of tinting, and a few magazine pictures. And she does not—at least the true pioneer woman does not—mind this humble little home as much as one might think, because she is always looking forward to the time when she will have a big house with pretty curtains, soft carpets and modern conveniences. It is always interesting to note what an improvement in the homes of a country side a few years brings. People in the West always seem to calculate to enjoy the money which they make.

so much time for reading, for music, fancy work, or whatever one's particular hobby may be. But perhaps I could explain better what I mean by giving concrete examples.

I have said it is unnecessary for the prairie wife to be untidy, or to be made to put up with inconveniences, and I think I can demonstrate that by my own mother's case:

My father came to Canada when he was too old to adapt himself to new conditions and learn new ways, and my mother, poor woman, suffered in consequence. For instance when he came to his homestead first he brought his wife and family with him, driving a distance of one hundred and fifty miles

THE TRANSITION OF ONE FARMER'S WIFE IS SHOWN HERE—FROM THE LOG CABIN OF THE HOMESTEADER TO A COMMODIOUS AND COMFORTABLE FARMHOUSE IN THE AGRICOLA SETTLEMENT NEAR EDMONTON

I have frequently heard it remarked that the woman who reads never becomes overwhelmed with the loneliness of the prairies. She manages to have books and magazines and by means of these she can keep in touch with the outside world and hobnob at will (in imagination) with the smartest people of the day. If one chooses to look at it that way, the long winter evenings when there is nothing else to do gives one

in the spring when the roads were almost impassable. That was unnecessary. Other men built a house before they brought their families. That was the beginning of many hardships and difficulties, which none of our neighbors were called upon to endure, but through it all my mother never lost her pluck or courage and never began the day with unwashed face or unkempt hair though, Heaven knows, she had an

excuse for doing so if anyone had.

And that the hardships we endured were unnecessary was demonstrated a few years afterwards when my father, utterly discouraged, sold out the farm for about $600 more than the mortgages that were on it and prepared to move off somewhere else, where he could homestead again. But my mother had had enough of pioneering. Besides, she had been under the impression all along that things might have been much better managed, but my father was filled with the idea of man's superiority and on principle would not take advice from a woman, even though it seemed good. Mother therefore refused to leave the spot, entered into negotiations with the man who had bought the farm for much less than it was worth, and bought it back at an advance of fifty per cent.

At once the family finances took on a different aspect. She used every effort to have all the land broken up, in order when a good year came to have a crop worth while. The teams that under my father's regime had gone to the fields about nine in the morning were now out at seven. Not only were payments made promptly, but new buildings replaced the old log house and dilapidated barns. A water proof granary replaced the leaky affair in which grain could not be kept over for higher prices.

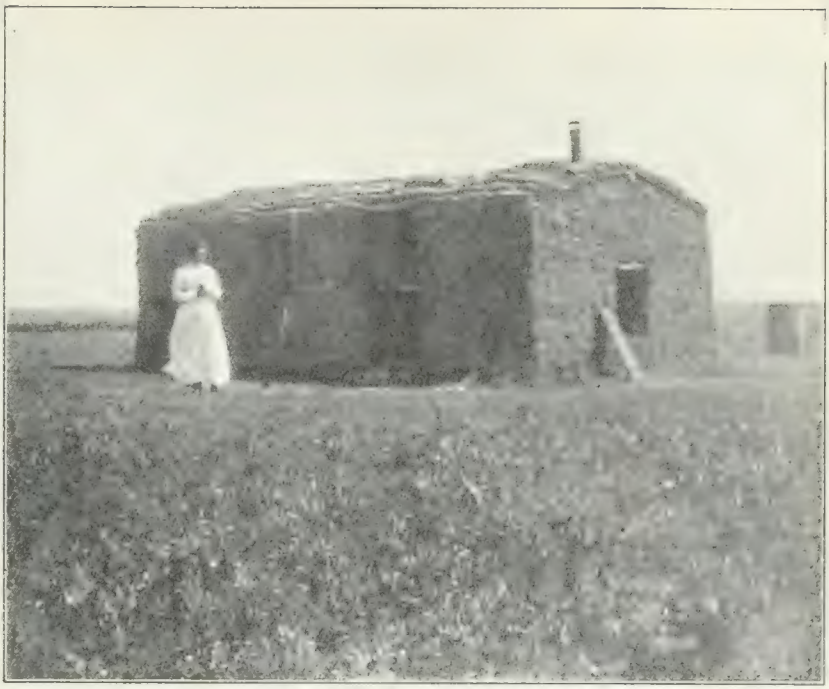
By and by she saw that her children must have a better education than they could get on the farm. The eldest son, who had so ably stood by her in her efforts to redeem the farm, was given a business college course. Then in return for his labors she gave him half the farm, and moved to the nearest city where she set up a little home maintained by the proceeds of her crops and remained there while the three younger were attending university. Later she moved farther west where one of her younger sons was starting in business, bought property and built a house. To-day she has a handsome home surrounded by large grounds and has sufficient money invested to provide an income which keeps herself and my father, who is still living. Her sons are all in business and well-to-do—all except the writer who, being a woman, never went seriously into the business of money making, but makes enough by her pen to live comfortably.

This is the story of one prairie woman whose lot was much harder than usual, who through it all never degenerated into a sad-eyed frump, with cause to do so, if any one had; and who, despite the years of hardship she endured when her little family was growing up, is far from being too weary to care for the colors of life again. Only the past summer when returning from a day's sight-seeing among the beautiful mountains about Vancouver one of the girls of the party remarked: "Isn't Mrs. Ross one of the greatest old sports you ever saw ? She comes back from the day's outing fresher than any of us !" And that was a woman who thirty-two years ago drove from Winnipeg to a prairie homestead, and for eighteen years plumbed the depths of the hardships that may come to the lot of the prairie woman.

During the years I was attending university I had a further experience of prairie life because, as the family finances were still somewhat limited and I was eager to drink more deeply of the cup of knowledge than my family considered necessary for a girl, I agreed to foot my own bills through college, and provided the funds by taking a summer school during the college vacations.

My first was in Southern Manitoba. I arrived in March (this was the year prior to my entering university), and was met at the station by one of the trustees with whom I was to board. On the way out he informed me that they were ten miles from town, which was also their nearest post office. How my heart sank ! I wondered if I could ever endure it even for a few months. I had not lived in the country now for some years and I was quite overwhelmed by the prospect.

But I soon found that country life was not half bad, indeed much better in this district than it had been at my old home. Most of the settlers in the neighborhood had located there about twelve years before, at a time when their nearest town and market was



THIS WOMAN BEGAN IN A "SODDY" ON THE PRAIRIE, A HUNDRED MILES FROM HER NEAREST NEIGHBOR. YET EVEN THEN SHE WAS CLEAN AND FRESH AND SMILING. TO-DAY SHE LIVES ON THE SAME LAND, IN A THICKLY SETTLED NEIGHBORHOOD, WITHIN AN HOUR'S DRIVE OF THE RAILWAY

forty miles distant. At the time he came, my host, whom we will call Mr. B—, had but one ox and his brother another, which they put together to make a team. That autumn I was there the brother threshed 10,000 bushels of wheat, besides other grains, and Mr. B— - slightly less. I on my salary regarded them enviously, for they seemed to have no proper conception of the value of money, and seldom had to stop and think of the price when they wanted anything, though they had by no means lost the habit of economy. But all in the neighborhood, with the exception of two old bachelor brothers, lived well, dressed more than well and generally enjoyed life.

Nor was the life of the women hard. Far from it! Perhaps my hostess, Mrs. B—, had the hardest lot of all because she had no daughters of her own. Her family consisted of herself and husband, two sons of about fourteen and sixteen years, myself and one or two hired men according to the season of the year. In harvest, of course, she had more. Sometimes she managed to have a girl to help her, but more often not, as girls were very difficult to procure.

Her house was a small one, of six rooms including two lean-to buildings used as kitchen and diningroom. These latter had painted floors, all the others being carpeted with rag carpet. Mrs. B— was a most immaculate housekeeper, and it kept her busy preparing the meals for her family and keeping her house in order. Incidentally I might say that she was always scrupulously neat herself.

But she was far from being a household drudge however. She may have milked cows in the early days, but not during the time I knew her. One of the men did that. On wash day, too, one of the men carried the soft rain water from a large tank connected with

the barn, and turned the washing machine and wringer. Her washing was always done before noon. The mail order houses or local store supplied the clothing for her husband and sons, and her own work gowns and aprons, also the household linen, so that sewing occupied little of her time. There was scarcely an afternoon that she had not time for a bath and a nap before she began preparations for supper.

She had a pony at her disposal which she could harness herself, if necessary, but which one of the men usually harnessed at noon, when she was going anywhere. She frequently went visiting during the week, always coming home in time to get tea; and it was her almost invariable custom to have all her work done at noon on Saturday and to go to town in the afternoon. Usually I went with her, as her youngest son and I were both taking music lessons.

The following year after my visit a railroad passed through that part of the country skirting their farm and placing a station about a quarter of a mile from their house. Since then they have gone on and prospered. One son is still on the land with them and the other is in business in a nearby town. Mr. and Mrs. B— have built an elegant home fitted with all modern conveniences.

At the time I knew Mrs. B— she was about thirty-eight, and her prosperity has come in plenty of time for her to enjoy the reward for the earlier and more strenuous years. I have not seen her since, but I have seen her husband, and though ten years had passed he scarcely looked a day older.

This is by no means a unique case. It is only medium. Mr. B— had two brothers who were both better off than he, and a neighboring family of whom both parents were university graduates were much more prosperous still. Theirs might almost be said to be the story of the average farmer. They did nothing that many others have not done.

The following year my experience was less pleasant. At the close of the college term I took a school in what is now Southern Saskatchewan. This was much newer, and more remote from civilization. When I had travelled as far as I could by rail I found that I had still about forty-five miles to go by stage. After a long day's drive through a beautiful park-like country I arrived at my destination, a very raw little settlement on the outskirts, so it seemed, of civilization, though that was not so for there were more prosperous settlements still farther back. But this one was not prosperous, because it was settled with the wrong kind of people. I don't think I ever met such slow-geared, shiftless people in my life, and the worst of the colony was that the settlers were nearly all related and all tarred with the same brush.

I was taken as a boarder in a small shack of logs, banked and roofed with sods. It was ceiled, and divided into three rooms by white cotton stretched over scantlings and was not so bad when the weather was dry. But when a summer torrent came the results were disastrous, I am told. A kind-hearted woman with a larger house inviting me to come and stay with her, I accepted, and never knew the truth of this by experience. But these were the dirty-aproned, tangle-haired, accusing-eyed sort of women. Even she of the larger house was, though there was no excuse for it, for their farm was rented and they really never did any work worth talking about. The family consisted of the parents and five children, all except the eldest girl, who was about eighteen, born on that farm. Hope deferred had seemed to take all the energy and ambition out of them, if they ever had much, which I doubt. They were splendid people, but they were the kind who pray earnestly and then sit down and wait for their prayers to be answered. They seemed to have been benumbed by what they considered the hopelessness of a losing fight.

That autumn a railroad was built through that part of the country. About ten years later I came back that way on a visit. This family, though the three sons were grown to manhood, the eldest daughter married and the younger was teaching school

MILKING HER PET COW, UNDER THE AMUSED SUPERVISION OF HER HUSBAND, TO PROVE THAT SHE HASN'T FORGOTTEN HOW TO DO IT SINCE THE FAMILY HAS PROSPERED

and earning a salary, were still hopelessly poor, in spite of the fact that they had a good deal of land which they neither worked nor pastured. Only the second son showed symptoms of waking up and taking a hold on life.

The other family of the sod shack were little better off either. True, they had a new house, which I think I was told was not quite paid for. They were in rather poor circumstances, the father having, some years before, given up farming and taken a government position as fire ranger, or something of that sort, which carried but a small salary.

On the other hand a thrifty Dutch and an equally thrifty English family that had located there the year of my first visit had become comparatively wealthy, and most of the other people had done well, some of them very well.

Being extremely fond of horses I decided, before leaving that neighborhood, to visit a stock farm some twenty miles distant where a consignment of handsome animals had just arrived from the Old Country. We were going to drive the distance, and on the way we stopped for lunch at an ambitious little town where there was pointed out to me, as one of the leading citizens, a man whose hand and heart I had, ten years ago, been unable to see my way to accept. He had apparently survived the shock, however, as he was then, to the casual observer at least, happily married, and reputed to be worth a million!

There we met the man whose farm I intended to visit and he very kindly asked me to drive out with him. On the way he entertained me with stories of his early experiences. He had strayed farther back from civilization than anyone else, and had homesteaded his land about 1882. In 1884 he made his first trip out to civilization, a distance of 175 miles, to buy his first live stock, a cow and a few pigs. On the journey he spent only ten cents, as there were no stopping places by the way, and he was obliged to cook his own food and sleep under his wagon. At that time he had one of the finest studs of thoroughbred horses in the Province of Saskatchewan, besides acres of land and wheat and fields of cattle.

He laughingly assured me that he didn't know where they would put me at the house that evening, coming thus unexpectedly, but he guessed they would find room somewhere. I haven't

yet forgotten the room in which I slept that night!

Their house had been built twelve years before when the nearest town from which they could get their windows and fittings was forty-five miles distant. It was a large, handsome structure of prairie stone, fitted with bath room, and hot and cold water. By means of a windmill and storage tank they had devised a system of water works for the farm.

The room in which I slept was a large, square one. On the floor was a fine Brussels rug in soft shades of tan, and at the windows curtains of exquisite Irish lace in a pretty ecru shade. But the bed! I just hated to disturb it. The mistress of the house was an Irish woman, and on one of her visits home had brought with her a supply of the daintiest bed linen. My coverlet and pillow slips were of fine linen adorned with lovely drawn work and embroidery and the sheets of fine hemstitched linen.

In the morning I had a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with my hostess, and though I was intensely interested in the magnificent animals which we saw in the paddocks I was still more interested in this prairie woman whose experience must surely have been harder than falls to the lot of most women, since, for the first twelve years of her residence there she was so far from town that the trip required four days! Later there had been a town within thirty-five miles and for possibly the last ten years prior to my visit, within eight miles. But occasional visits to the Old Country and at least one summer spent on the Pacific Coast had helped to alleviate the monotony. The feeling that they are prospering and the knowledge that they have attained to such a condition, financially, that they need not live there unless they wish, does much to make the prairie dweller feel that home is one of the best places on earth.

Of her family of four children, all of whom had been born on that farm, the two eldest were almost grown up. The girl had graduated from school and was teaching and the boy was finishing his course in business college. The two younger were still at school.

Although the family, including help, was quite large, the mother was far from being an over-worked drudge. They had brought from Scotland a married foreman for the farm whose wife was housekeeper, and relieved the mistress of most of the work, if not of the care of management.

It was pleasing to note that though this couple had known frontier life at its worst they were still, when scarcely more than middle-aged, in a position to enjoy for many years yet the fruits of their toil. The man was possibly forty-eight, or fifty but the dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked Irish girl who some twenty years before had cast in her lot on this prairie farm, though her hair was growing silvery at the temples, had lost little of her comeliness and none of her wit. She was still clear-skinned and rosy-cheeked and her husband's keen, grey eyes were often alight with quiet amusement at her many witty sallies.

Another of my teaching experiences took me to Northern Saskatchewan, to a very new settlement made up mostly of well-to-do Americans. Although the people I boarded with farmed extensively they really lived in town, that is if one could call a town the hamlet which had begun to build up about the railroad station. The family consisted of the parents, four sons, the youngest of whom was sixteen, and three daughters, one grown up and the youngest about eight.

The first year they had lived in tents and shacks until a house was built and laughed and joked and pretended they were just camping. The father had been a senator in Minnesota, and the whole family were well-educated, quite musical and most entertaining. The mother was one of the sweetest women I have ever known. In their early, struggling days in Minnesota they had suffered; but in Saskatchewan it could scarcely be called pioneering, success had come so quickly. In the two years he had been there, he assured me, this man had cleared more money from his farm, the sale of a large tract of land on which he had taken an option and

his lumber business than he had been able to save in the years that had gone before, and he was almost fifty.

For the women life was not remarkably hard. Water at that time was difficult to obtain and had to be drawn and stored in cisterns; but the men did that. When possible, a girl was kept, the greatest hardship being that it was so hard to get one of any kind, much less a satisfactory one. But during my stay they had a most capable Norwegian, who practically took charge of the kitchen, the mistress assisting with the cooking and the younger girls attending to the up-stairs work. The house was furnace-heated and had a bath room.

That winter was a particularly stormy one. Food for the cattle had been provided early in the year so that it could be conveniently gotten at. Besides feeding the cattle, which was done by two hired men, one of whom, I remember, was an Oxford graduate and the other a graduate of the University of Dundee, Scotland, who were serving a sort of apprenticeship before beginning on their own homesteads, there was practically no work to do.

There was a good library in the house, and the master, a German by birth, subscribed for a number of leading Canadian, American and German magazines. He even took a German art magazine ! All were great readers. Evening dinner, or supper as it was called (and what good cooks those American women are) lasted usually about two hours in winter, and it was the rule of the house that at that meal each must recount the best he had read, or anything amusing that had occurred during the day. After supper each read, wrote, or did what he pleased. The family was quite musical and could muster a four piece orchestra, so that there was no lack of music, particularly when a neighbor, who had formerly sung in Westminster Abbey, came in for an evening. I might also mention that on two evenings a week a number of us gathered in a little art class which was taught by a graduate of the Kensington Art School, London. Though the country was wild and bleak and bare that winter stands out in my memory as a particularly pleasant one.

I had still another experience in a very new settlement. It was two years later that I spent the summer on a farm in a very new district. The man had traded his farm in Kansas for a quarter section in Saskatchewan "on sight unseen," as they express it, and come to take possession. They were just a young couple with a child of about two years of age. The first year was phenomenally bad. The spring was extraordinarily late, and frost came early in the autumn. That year crops were a failure, but fortunately they hadn't sown much. It was the second summer I was with them.

He was a most industrious young fellow and handled a tremendous amount of land himself. With three horses on a gang plow and five on an immense harrow he turned over the ground at about double the rate they did in my younger days. In the meantime the sickle of binders and reapers has become longer and now one man can do about as much work as two used to do.

They were just the sort of people that are bound to succeed. The last time I heard of them they had all their necessary payments made and were buying more land in addition to a quarter section which the husband homesteaded and I am sure that at the present moment they are comfortably situated.

The wife had been a school teacher before she married, and it seemed as though she brought into her housekeeping that system and order which she had learned during her school teaching days, also, as her husband was fond of telling people, she was an excellent cook. She never began a day unwashed, uncombed or without being dressed neatly in a clean cotton house dress.

Breakfast was about six, for life is strenuous on the prairies in the summer, and consisted of hot cakes and syrup manufactured from sugar, ham or home-made sausage and eggs and

lastly oatmeal and cream, with a glass of delicious rich milk at each plate and a cup of most delicious coffee.

Every afternoon she was dressed well enough to receive any caller who might drop in, and sat down to her sewing. At five o'clock she rose to put on the fire for supper. By six she had a most tempting meal of, perhaps eggs in some form (she could cook eggs in more toothsome forms than anyone I ever knew); creamed or exquisitely French fried potatoes; if it was autumn, the most delicious fried chicken—they raised hundreds of chickens, and not only raised but ate them—jams and jellies they had brought from home. O, I do not remember all the things, but whatever she had was always delicious. I mention the food particularly because in the East farmers are supposed to live so poorly, and because her cooking was always such an inspiration to her husband. In whatever humor he came to the supper table he always went to the barns singing at the top of his voice. I used to think it would be difficult to measure how much of that man's success, when it really came, was due to his wife's companionship and her good cooking.

They were the only members of their family who had ever gone so far afield from the family homestead, and they would have been very lonely sometimes, had they not been such good pals. It might naturally be expected that the first winter when, on account of the baby who was too small to be taken long trips in the cold, they were pretty well shut in they would be very lonesome. But not at all. They lived in a big log house which was on the farm when they bought it, and of which they used only the down stairs rooms. These had been finished inside by nailing building paper of a dull blue shade over the scantling. There was rag carpet on the floors and pictures on the wall, and really these rooms were quite cosy. The former occupants had left behind stacks of magazines and books. The wife assured me that they had so much enjoyed that first winter because, as she expressed it, "they had so much time to read and to visit together."

The last time I met a real, typical prairie woman was in a Canadian Northern train away up in northwestern Saskatchewan as we went bumping over the ties on a new branch which had just been opened. The settlers had preceded the railroad by about three years, and for that time their nearest town was Saskatoon, over one hundred miles distant.

I noticed her when she came into the car, and could not quite place her at first. I may say that I was making a special trip at that time for the purpose of hunting up heart-rending stories of the tragedy of the prairie woman's life, and I thought she looked too trim and happy to be one of them. Also, two dour-looking old Scotchmen who were just returning, I afterward learned, from Saskatoon where they had been down to apply for their patents, noticed her at the same time, and it was wonderful to notice the softening of their harsh features as a smile of welcome that might almost be said to be affectionate, overspread their faces.

In time I managed to engage her in conversation. It appeared that she and her husband had come from Ontario and settled in that district three years before the advent of the railroad, and when Saskatoon, one hundred and twenty miles distant, was their nearest town.

"Heavens !" I thought, "here's just what I have been looking for. Surely this woman can tell me of experiences" as heart-rending as any one could wish. But alas, alas ! This is what she told me.

With her husband and three children, the eldest of whom was four and the youngest a mere infant, they had settled on a prairie homestead; and I imagined lived in a sod shack just like the one shown. At least some of her neighbors lived in just such.

"And weren't you horribly blue and lonely in those early days ?" I enquired sympathetically.

"Never thought of such a thing !" she exclaimed briskly; "and as for

being 'blue' I never have a glimpse of that color except on wash day."

Then she went on to explain that really to live on a homestead is not so frightfully bad as it is pictured.

"But," I expostulated, "isn't your work very hard with three children to look after and a house to care for ?"

"O," she replied, "I have just to get the meals and keep the house tidy; and as the house is small, just three rooms, there is not a great deal of house-keeping to do.

"I did have a girl for ten months once, " she continued, "but she didn't seem to think that she should do any work and was really more bother than she was worth, so I let her go and now get on alone."

"And you never find it lonely ?" I questioned incredulously.

"Not at all," was the cheery response. "For the first two years there was not another woman within miles of me but I did not mind a bit. A woman really does have such a good time in the west. Men simply dandle her on their finger ends and she rules as a queen among them."

I could readily imagine how popular this bright little woman, her pretty children and her home (I learned that she was musical) must have been with the young homesteaders of the neighborhood, and even with those dour old Scotchmen; and how she managed to find life interesting even on a homestead,—especially after I learned how much land her husband had been able to buy and homestead—1,280 acres of land then worth $18 an acre for $7,440. That cannot be done now.

As we talked, the whistle blew and she gathered together her bundles. Soon the train stopped, apparently in the midst of the bare prairie, though had it been light enough to see, the traveller might have discerned an upright post with a cross piece bearing a name, which indicated that it was a flag station. I went to the platform with her and watched while the brakeman courteously assisted her to take the big jump necessary to reach the ground. There was no one in sight to meet her. The wind sighed mysteriously over the illimitable prairies, and for a moment she stood irresolute, then as the train moved on I saw her stoop down to look under the car for some one at the other side and heard her girlish trill as she greeted the husband waiting over there with a wagon to take her home.

After she left a man on the train, who knew her, told me what a bright dauntless little body she was. She was the life of the whole settlement. She played the organ in church and led the choir. As an illustration of her way of taking fun out of everything he told me of one occasion when a party from the settlement were going somewhere. On that particular day the train in passing over the unfinished road-bed, was derailed, thus causing an aggravating delay. But this young woman, who he told me, possessed a beautiful soprano voice, instead of fretting and worrying over the annoying wait, took up a position on a pile of ties and began singing. Soon she was joined by two young fellows, and the three passed the time very pleasantly singing trios, to the great amusement of the rest of the company.

On this particular day when I met her she had been down at the nearest town transacting some business. Her husband was postmaster and she his deputy, and as his time on the land with his horses was worth, at the current market rate, $10 per day, she had gone to look after the business. They were then living six miles from the post office they kept, on another farm, and one day in the week she left the parson, who boarded with her, to care for the children, and she rode to the post office, six miles distant to distribute the mail !

And yet life to her was a joke, and she could not see that it was hard ! At least, according to the way in which she described it to me, the advantages so outweighed the disadvantages that one counted them as insignificant.

To be sure all are not so happily constituted as this woman, nor are all so happy and contented as those I have pictured. I remember one woman whose husband had done almost as well as the one described above, and in addition to that she conducted

a millinery business in a considerable sized town around which their land lay; but she told me she had wept every day since she came. I couldn't sympathize with her as I should.

There are cases of hardship, to be sure. There are people who do not get on, but that is usually due to laziness and mismanagement. The prairie is hard on the laggard. If a man is not out by times in the morning his crop is sure to be caught by the frost in the autumn when his "lucky" neighbor has finished his cutting the day previous. If a man does not hurry and provide fodder for his cattle and wood or coal for his fire while the warm weather lasts, he can have all the hardship he likes getting it in when the winter storms come, but the provident man can sit by his fire then.

Also, when sickness comes and doctors are far away it is hard, but we remembered afterwards that in the early years when we and our neighbors were thirty miles from a doctor and had houses far from being air-tight, we never were sick. I doubt if there was a case of sickness in our settlement in the first four years.

When the husband is unkind and inconsiderate the wife's life is unhappy, but it would be no matter where she lived. When a woman is delicate and has a large family of small children and she cannot get help her lot is hard, but that is a condition which is being rapidly overcome. But on the whole, as I remember it, the life of the prairie woman is far from being an unhappy one and she is far from being the sad-eyed drudge of the quotation which has formed the text for this lengthy dissertation.

REGRETS

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

YESTERDAY, I spanked him;
To-day, as he lies there,
Poor, hotly fevered little wight,
With towsled, golden hair,
I wonder was it right?
Sometimes I've called him bad;
I guess it's only play
And just mere boyish fun
That makes him act that way;
But what is done is done.

To-morrow, says the doctor,
We'll know what to expect;
His temperature is higher and,
As though I could protect,
I sit and hold his hand.
He can't be really ill;
Why, yesterday, he played
And made a noise; I spanked him—my
I wish instead I'd prayed.
What—what if he should die!

Passing Ships

AS THE PRINZESSA ANNA WENT TO SEA

By Hilda V. T. Jones

Illustrated by Katherine Southwick

THE half-discordant sounds from the German-Chinese band reached the ears of Louis Sonnenschein as he left the dining-room, and he paused to listen. For four years he had heard these sounds every night during his residence in Shanghai, but until to-night there had been no call in the music for him. They were playing "Dixie"—a pitiful attempt at the stirring air—and, with some old fever surging in his blood, he walked towards the scantily-filled drawing-room of the hotel and stood irresolutely in the doorway.

In the room a few couples were dancing half-heartedly, while here and there sat groups of onlookers, all wearing the bored expression that soon settles on the countenances of Continentals who make Shanghai their adopted home and who continue to live according to home morals. As he watched, the band gave up their attempt at the southern air, and the couples stopped. He turned abruptly to leave, and in his haste almost knocked down a stranger dressed in grey tweeds. As he muttered his apology, his eyes fell upon the woman at the man's side. Her eyes were upon him—smiling, pleased, bewitching. Sonnenschein paused to watch her as the couple continued their way

into the room and seated themselves by one of the open windows. Her voice reached him,—an American voice surely, sweet, soft and calm.

"Isn't it queer—and nice, too—to hear 'Dixie' in this little German hotel, dear?" Did Sonnenschein imagine it, or were her tones homesick? "Of all our music, that is dearest to my heart."

"Americans—what?" The voice of a man standing next Sonnenschein made her companion's reply indistinguishable. Sonnenschein smiled.

"So it seems. I am, myself, one-half an American. My mother came from the state of Virginia. But I have met few from this new country. Do you know who they are?"

"No, worse luck. She's the most attractive woman in this damn place," said the other. "Don't fancy her husband, though. Looks like a regular shark."

"More like a missionary to me," judged the German. "But she is certainly beautiful."

The man at his side yawned openly. "What price we go over and talk to them? They've been here a week, and it would be quite all right. We couldn't any more than get turned down, anyway."

The missionary—if such he were—was no more agreeable on closer acquaintance, but the eyes of his wife were plainly grateful, and after a little rather awkward conversation, she graciously proffered the seat next her to Sonnenschein and indicated one next her husband for the other man, who presently found that he had a hobby in the subject of jades, and met him on this common ground with enthusiasm.

"So you like 'Dixie'?" said the German to his partner. "That is really why I came over here to see you."

"Oh, yes!" she answered with enthusiasm. "I love it. There's no tune in the world like it—all fire and rhythm and joy—is there? But then, —I forgot—you aren't an American."

"But yes," he disclaimed. "A half at least I can claim. My mother was from Virginia: It has been one of my dreams to go back to the country from which she came—the—the Tidewater?" he finished interrogatively.

"Oh! But that is my country, too. I was born just twenty miles from Washington." In the pause that followed, their eyes met. "Then we—we are not quite strangers, are we?" she said, a little unsteadily.

"I was just thinking that we are not strangers at all," answered the German. His voice was even, but a light burned in his blue eyes.

"But your name is German—and so is your voice," she demurred.

"There is no doubt of the German name," he laughed lightly. "Don't use it, then. Call me 'Boy'—that's easy and foolish and just right."

"The easiest thing in the world," she laughed back again, "easy because it is so plausible."

They laughed together. It was a foolish joke, and yet they would have laughed at a lesser one—together. Her husband turned from his discussion of jades, and regarded the handsome, laughing face of the German with unfriendly eye.

"Jane," he broke in curtly. "It is time to retire. Good-night, gentlemen." And, rising to his feet, he led her away.

The following evening, Sonnenschein sought the two out again—this time alone. Mr. Allen's disagreeable manner had not softened since the previous evening, but nevertheless he made some attempt to draw out the German and sound his theories of life. His wife listened quietly, her eyes and wits searching, alert.

"Yes, that is true," the German was saying. "The life here does unfit us for any other life. Where else can one get more, or better, or cheaper servants? Where can one's inherent love of gambling find greater opportunities? Where can one's inborn curiosities be more easily or quickly appeased? Where has anyone the chance to live as one pleases without question or remark? Why, sir, I can easily name you a hundred reasons why it's degrading, rotten, poisonous to soul and body alike. It's easy to make money here, easier to spend it.

"JANE, WHY CAN'T YOU HURRY?" HE DEMANDED IN A TONE OF SHARP IRRITATION

Where is the incentive to remain white when all the world is yellow? Why, white is off-color!"

He spoke bitterly, and the missionary listened with grim unsympathy.

"But Christianity—your God—" he objected. "Surely you do not discount completely the claims of religion?"

He laughed. "Yes. A God five thousand miles away is pretty likely to be forgotten. If Christianity exists at all—which one learns to doubt in this hell—what does it mean to us here? What does God mean to us? What can he do for us? . . . . Oh, I don't mean to be atheistical, sir," as the missionary's face took on an air of shocked disapproval, "but after you've seen good men go down—down—down

to unspeakable degradation, you can't help losing some of the faith that seems so easy in a Christian community."

"But every man has good and noble instincts. Those very instincts are God," put in the woman's voice, softly.

"Yes, that may be so, too," answered the German quickly. "But there is nothing that vanishes so quickly as good instincts—that is, after you have stayed here awhile." He looked her square in the eyes, his own appealing. "I left home a perfectly good, clean youth," he went on, after a moment's hesitation. "Every good impulse was uppermost in my mind, too. But one can't live here and remain unlike the others. It's unpleasant to be a freak—far easier to be like everyone else. Until I met you—" and he shifted his glance to meet that of Mr. Allen— "I didn't realize quite how far I had drifted. You and Mrs. Allen have made me see things differently, somehow."

"Yes ?" rejoined Mr. Allen, and his voice was still unsympathetic. "We are but instruments. Give thanks to God, not to us, sir."

A little later, when they parted for the evening, Mrs. Allen paused a moment after her husband had moved away.

"Good night, Boy," she said softly. "And remember—if one can realize the difference, one can make it right. Good-night."

He made no movement to shake hands, but his eyes clung to hers in a long, eager look. "Good-night, Girl," he answered. This time it was his voice that trembled.

That night alone in his hotel room, where a few scattered photographs, some odd pipes and several good Tientsin rugs and Pekin embroideries spelt home, he came face to face with his feelings. He was in love with a married woman—and a missionary's wife at that. He laughed at the absurdity of it; and then the laugh broke in a lump rising in his throat.

"My God !" he said, "and the worst of it is she's a *good* woman."

He dined late the following evening, on purpose to escape the Allens, and after the meal he escorted Fifi St. Clair to the theatre, fulfilling an engagement of a week's standing. Perhaps there was a little too much of Fifi. Her eyes were very big and very blue; her hair very thick and very yellow; her gown a vivid peacock-blue affair cut in a daring fashion that showed her white shoulder-blades and her full bosom. Undeniably she was handsome and chic. But the eyes of the women swept her with one appraising glance and moved deliberately away.

The play was "As You Like It", and just before the curtain went up, Mr. and Mrs. Allen were ushered into the seat next Sonnenschein's own. She knew him instantly, and smiled her greeting.

"Isn't this delightful ?" she murmured, her voice expressing her pleasure more than words could have done. But the German did not meet her eyes.

"It's—a real comedy," he answered, with a touch of bitter amusement. Puzzled, she looked at him for an instant, and then, the light from the stage suddenly throwing his companion's dashing profile into relief, Mrs. Allen understood. She closed her eyes for a moment in pain; and then, turning to the players with an air of interest, she talked to Sonnenschein no more. Yet somehow he was certain that she understood and forgave; and on Fifi's voting the Rosalind a stick, they departed, at the end of the second act.

Fifi had been amusing to Louis Sonnenschein, not so long since. She had a frank, healthy pleasure in mere living, a sort of unashamed, rosy animalism that appealed to him. It was interesting to see anyone have so good a time out of delicate food, fair wines and the tawdry trappings of the barbaric civilization the Oriental city boasted; it made him feel like a grown-up watching a child hilarious over a Punch-and-Judy show. But to-night she jarred. He noted the fine purplish lines netting her cheeks, the too-heavy arms and torso, and shrank with something like disgust from her strident laughter.

"Fifi, my dear," he said, "I am not amusing to-night. The world is out of joint, and I don't feel like frolicking. Suppose you offer a smile to that cavalier who has been gazing at you these fifteen minutes, and see what he does with it?"

She glanced at him wisely, not at all offended. "Got the hump, eh? Well, all right; run along, and pay the check as you go. By-by!"

He went out into the street, without a glance behind him.

. . . . . .

It was several days before he saw Mrs. Allen again. Instantly he descended from his rickasha and joined her.

"Are you walking?" he asked simply.

She nodded, with her grave smile. "But I don't know where. After feasting my eyes on jade and pearls and carved metals, they are somehow weary." She indicated with her look the great jewelry shop she had left.

"May I walk with you and suggest a way?" he asked eagerly.

"Please do—stranger," she answered.

He turned to dismiss the rickasha man, and when she saw his face again it was altered. He spoke with an effort.

"I—I am not a stranger because I wanted to stay away," he said. "But I was ashamed—after that night at the theatre."

"Hush, Boy," she commanded. "Don't talk that way. I've missed you while you've been gone—and then, too, I knew you were sorry. If you felt the difference between us"—and her voice was wonderfully gentle— "I am sure you won't take her—again?"

"No, no! Nor see her, either. I—I couldn't now. But—"

"I understand," she said softly. "It is hard to break with old associates for an ideal."

"You wonderful woman!" The German's voice was low, and she laughed lightly.

"No, not at all wonderful. Just human—that's all. Now let's forget all about it, and be glad that we're alive."

"*Schon gut!*" said Sonnenschein lightly, taking her change of key. "To begin with, here is a flower-shop and you shall let me buy you roses—American Beauties for the American beauty."

"Just one," she agreed, and she let him fasten it to her coat, smiling like a girl. "It's a long while since I have had a really foolish and delightful compliment like that." And with that they went out into the Chinese city once more, took rickashas and turned toward Bubbling Spring Road.

Bubbling Spring Road was alive with vehicles of every description, with gaily and fashionably dressed women and men in all the glory of uniforms and continental dignity. The sun spread a blaze of warmth and light over the driveway and dappled the paths with light and shade. They were again on foot, and Sonnenschein, at least, had forgotten everything but the smooth cool cheek and fringed eyelashes that he could see beneath her drooping hat.

"Tell me about yourself," she said softly. The worn phrase sounded very sweet on her mouth. He felt her sincerity. "In some ways I feel as if I knew you very well," she went on, since he did not speak. "I feel as if I understood you; that we could be friends—not in the common sense of that badly misused word, but really friends. And yet—I don't know you at all."

The man did not answer, even then, and half turning, she looked at him with gentle inquiry. Their eyes met, and at what she saw in his, she trembled, fascinated and yet afraid.

"What does it matter?" he said almost roughly. "I've nothing to tell you of what has happened before I met you. It is nothing worth while—nothing. But you have made things different—you've made my life worth while to me now. The page is unwritten yet—I cannot tell you anything because so far there is nothing to tell."

"But—"

"No," he broke in, "I was never more sincere in my life. You know I am telling you the truth when I say that I love you. Don't you?"

She shrank from him. "No, no—not that!" They were standing still in the path now, and she glanced about her with the woman's instinct of flight.

"Don't be afraid," he said, noting it. "There's nothing to frighten you. According to codes I know I shouldn't have said that. But it can't degrade you, Girl. It's the one good and pure and true thing in my life. It's everything to me. Why is it wrong to be square with the one person in the whole world whom you love and reverence? You're unhappy—sad—I don't know what trouble and sorrow there is in your life, and I've no right to hold out a finger to help you. But sometime perhaps I could help you—and before we part here, I want you to know where you can come when that day arrives. I shall wait for that signal always; and try to be worthy of it when—if—it comes."

He stopped and looked down at her. For a fraction of a second she closed her eyes and shook her head, holding out her hand. He clasped it in his own, and they clung together for a long moment in a silent pressure. Then she gently withdrew her fingers.

At the corner of the street by the hotel he stopped to buy her another rose.—a white one, half-opened.

"This one means something different," he said quietly, and she pinned it on her coat beside the other.

It was about nine o'clock that evening when he mounted the stairs, unable longer to bear the noise and confusion of the main floor. Half way up, he met the Allens, departing. The man carried a valise and an ulster was thrown over his arm. She had a small hand satchel, and behind them came three Chinese boys laden with all the accessories of travel necessary in the Flowery Kingdom. They passed him without looking up, but the German, glancing at Mrs. Allen, saw the sad droop of her mouth and the flash of tears on her long lashes. Pinned to her travelling coat were a red and a white rose.

He turned, watching them descend. Mrs. Allen walked uncertainly, and supported herself by the handrail. As they rounded the corner, Mr. Allen thrust back his head—a turtle-like, ugly head. "Jane, why can't you hurry?" he demanded in a tone of sharp irritation.

. . . . . .

There was a note in his room, a note hastily written with a pencil at the point of departure. He opened it thirstily. It had no beginning.

We are going in a few minutes, leaving Shanghai, going I do not know where. Boy, do you know that the one memory I care to take away is that of your friendship? You ought not to have said the things you did; I ought not to write this note; there's no rhyme nor reason to any of it, but I'm glad of it all. We're just chips—a pair of strays that floated for an hour in the same eddy, and then sheered off. We'll never see each other again. But you will always be *Boy* to me—and perhaps you'll sometimes think of me as *Girl*. I'm beginning to be old—you didn't see the little folds about my eyes that will soon be wrinkles, you didn't see the first faint fadings of color in cheeks and lips, the fadings, too, of color in the spirit. The last spark of youth fired up in me to meet the indomitable youth in you. You've paid me the inexpressible compliment of thinking me young. In years perhaps I'm not so old; but life has beaten the youth and spring and joy out of me, so that I feel older than the desert that used to be the Garden of Eden and for a few brief hours you brought back girlhood to me. I can't be sorry, somehow.

And you—Boy, you need a woman—a good woman. I saw the hunger in your eyes. Because I am the wife of a man with one all-absorbing passion in life, you cannot think of me; but don't forget me. Put a purpose into your life—for my sake, if you will—make yourself worth while, a man among men; and some day when you find a free woman whom you can ask to share your life, offer her something worth having. Then I shall have done something for you after all. And, Boy, I'd rather do that than anything else in the world. Perhaps at first this may seem hard counsel—but, Boy, you won't refuse to do this one thing for me, will you? It's the only thing you can do.

For two months, he did nothing. He could not believe them gone, without a trace. He searched every hotel, every boarding place, every steamer list, ticket office, inquired of every rag-tag native boat threading the narrow waterways, every rickety cart bound inland, but to no avail. There are a myriad ways of disappearing in China.

Then he awoke. He had thought he knew that last letter of hers by

heart. Yet reading it one morning again, the last words struck him like a blow. This idle searching of his was the last thing she would have had him do. Day after day had slipped by; his office desk was dusty and piled with undone affairs; and the evening before he had overheard a half-scornful, half-pitying word about "Sonnenschein, poor devil" from a business acquaintance of whom he had seen little lately. And she perhaps was thinking of him as laying the foundation of success, "the only thing he could do for her." With sudden decision, he called a rickasha, and surprised his impassive Chinese comprador by spending the entire day at work in the office,—the forerunner of many such unvarying days.

People liked Louis Sonnenschein; and before he had lost interest they had prophesied a success for him. Now that he was again in harness, they remembered their old prophecies. The general verdict was that something—probably a woman—had thrown him off the track for a bit, but that he had come back unquestionably. He found that business came easily—and before the year was out, his Dresden firm, noting his success, called him back to the head offices at an advance of salary, and commissions.

He found it hard to leave Shanghai when the time came. It was replete with memories—some he wanted to forget, some he would remember as long as the breath was in his body, some he cherished as he did the memory of his mother. The last day he shut his office door and went out upon Bubbling Spring Road to the spot where he had told her he loved her.

He threw himself down in the grass, and pressed his cheek to the fresh green turf where she had stood, a year ago. "Oh—Girl!" he said between his teeth. "You don't know what you've done for me. A year more, and the reprieve would have been too late—I'd not have gone back. But it's been hard—hard as the devil. You don't know that, either. And I can never tell you. Just good-bye—that's all." He laid his lips to the grass. "Good-bye," he whispered again; and then without looking back, turned to the dock and the high decks of the liner that would take him home.

. . . . . .

Wait long enough, and to Shanghai, as to Port Said, will come everyone whom you have ever known, passing along the Bund or Bubbling Spring Road. Six months after the liner that bore the German had statelily gone to sea, a thin, white-faced woman in travel-stained mourning stepped from a small river-boat, and went with sure directness from the wharf to the hotel.

At dinner she sat alone, a desolate slim figure in her black among the brilliantly-gowned women. No one spoke to her; and she addressed none, though many glances were cast in her direction. She was still beautiful of feature and the masses of her chestnut hair glinted in the light. Long after her meal was finished, she sat there, scanning the other diners with big, blue-shadowed eyes.

For three nights she sat alone and watched, totally oblivious to the attention she created. But the third night she rose with decision, squaring her frail shoulders, and walked to the desk, where she asked to see the register of eighteen months before.

"And he left an address?" she demanded of the clerk. That worthy shook his head indifferently, and turned to the Chinese comprador behind his chair. The Chinese rose with a gleam of interest in his slant-eyed face, and studied the woman for a full minute. She underwent the scrutiny as though long accustomed to Oriental ways, and then as if satisfied he beckoned her aside.

"He left for Dresden six months ago, madame," he explained in perfect English. "It is you, I think, for whom he looked a very long time—'the girl'? Yes. Tien-tsin, Peking, Canton, Hongkong—everywhere. Then he gave up; came back and worked hard. The company called him back to Germany; but he left his address with me. 'She will come', he told me. 'Watch for her.' And—if that madame desires it, I have the address. I am his verree good friend."

"Thank you," she said unsteadily,

"oh, thank you. Yes—will you send it to my room, please ?"

The distance down the long corridor was a horror she never forgot. It was as if the eyes of the curious loungers in the place looked through to her soul and mocked her for seeking. He was gone—should she follow ?—and if she did what should she find ? She, a woman, to be seeking, instead of sought ! She knew nothing of him—a chance acquaintance in a hotel. Yet—he had looked for her, had left his address. She threw herself on the broad bed, and gave way to a fit of hysterical tears.

A tap at the door brought her back to her senses. Hastily drying her eyes, she opened it to receive from the hands of a Chinese boy a slip of paper, folded and faded. She opened it. Within was written his name, and an address in Dresden, and at the bottom "I know you will come. I shall wait for you, Girl."

Next day, no one watched the outgoing Prinzessa Anna as she steamed towards the open ocean with more interest than a Chinese comprador who stood alone in the shadow of some bales, his eyes on a slender black figure by the rail. When the steamer was dim in the distance, he turned to the humming Chinese city, and at the cable office sent a message to Louis Sonnenschein, "Girl coming. Sail to-day Prinzessa Anna. Remit one hundred taels. *Fook Tching.*"

MARY'S DILEMMA

BY GORDON JOHNSTONE

'TIS "Mary mind your father," says me mother with a smile;
'Tis "Mary mind your mother," whispers dad the afterwhile;
'Tis "Mary mind your Johnny," grins the soggarth but dear me!
How can I mind the whole of them whin none of them agree ?

Me father is a kindly soul but stern and bitter just;
Me mother is me darling that I've never feared to trust;
Me Johnny is me sweet love that I married yesteryear
Whin the swifts were building cabeens in the church of Inisheer.

'Tis "Mary kiss your father," weeps me mother by the bed:
'Tis "Mary kiss your mother" beams me father overhead:
'Tis "Mary kiss your Johnny," laughs the priest but tell me you,
How can I kiss the whole of them and kiss me babbine, too ?

Full Speed Astern

JIMMIE, THE MASCOT OF THE BOAT

By N. G. Neill

Illustrated from Photographs

"CARGO'S all trimmed," announced the shore agent as he opened the captain's door. "You are the last boat out this season, and I wish you a Merry Christmas."

"Well, the same to you old man, and if we don't pile up on Isle Royal before morning I will spend Christmas on the hearth rug entertaining Santa Claus with the kids."

"You fellows deserve a good Christmas holiday," remarked the agent, knowing that sailing the Great Lakes in the month of December was no child's play.

The swish of water from the stern and the tremor which passed through her hull showed that the engineer was turning over the engine and making sure that everything was ready for the start. "Let go your forward line. Steady, astern, there!" and the iron hull gradually swung away from the dock. Down in the engine room the engines were throbbing steadily and humming their song of constant work. To the engineer they gave a responsive note of joy which seemed to reflect in the engineer's face as he stood ready, waiting for orders, two blasts on the

whistle, which, when a boat is going out of harbor, always means good-bye. Then in answer to the order which had just been indicated on the recording telegraph dial from the bridge, he pulled her over three notches, and the boat began to gather headway. A few minutes more, and "Full speed ahead" was signalled, and they were off on their trip to their Eastern port.

Perhaps it was the recollection of a yarn which he had heard while ashore about a wreck which had occurred in a blinding snow storm years before, or perhaps this yarn coupled with the knowledge that at this season of the year they always took more or less chance. At all events, the engineer could hardly keep himself from giving room to the suggestions running through his mind. "God grant that it is not the last trip for this old boat or for me either," and pulling himself together with the recollection of the jolly time ashore he was soon busy keeping an eye on the gauges and oil cups and running his hand over the bearings. It was some time before he noticed that the steamer had already run into a rough sea and was sticking her screws half out of water, every once in a while.

Up in the wheel house, all was dark, save for the protected lamp over the compass. It had come on to blow hard.

"Who the devil would have thought it," remarked the first mate, "inside th' harbor was as quiet as a mill pond."

"You will often find that," said Captain Richardson, "inside the harbor there may not be a white cap in sight, but once outside you can look for anything at this time of year." Added to the high wind, they ran into that most dreaded element of nature to the mariner on the Great Lakes, a blinding snow storm. A sleepless and anxious night was evidently in store for the captain and crew. The snow not only obliterates the lighthouses, but the strongest fog horn carries only a few hundred feet through the thickly falling flakes. There is something overpowering and mystifying about a snow storm on the Lakes. The mariners would rather face anything else.

Presently Welcome Island's revolving light was dimly discernible over the starboard bow, merely as a blur to the eye, and even the trained ears of the mate, who stood beside the wheelsman could not detect the boom of the fog horn amidst the shrieking of the wind and the muffle of the snow-fall. It was twelve miles from here to Thunder Cape and they would be very near that point before being able to pick up a light.

"South by east, one point," ordered the mate, "we will hold her as near to that in this wind as we can and trust to our brains and Providence to keep us clear of Thunder Cape."

The captain had just stepped into the chart room where the electric lamp shed its rays on the chart and showed in a heavy black line the course marked for the Sault, when between the blasts of the steamer's whistle, sounding out its shrill notes as if inquiring "Where are you ? Where are you ? Where are you ?" there came back through the storm three long low blasts as if some monster of the deep in reply was saying "I am here ! I am here ! I am here !"

"Some fellow going to tie up at Port Arthur for the winter," remarked the captain. "Those lucky fellows will be enjoying a quiet smoke in harbor to-night, while we poor devils are sticking our noses into the wintry blasts. But this precious cargo of wheat has got to get to good old Montreal, and there is an extra $100 in the job for both of us when we dock her up." After a few more interchanges of signals the inbound steamer had passed to port and gone astern, the green light of her starboard quarter and the white light of her stern cabin showing dimly her length, and telling that she was one of those 600 foot freighters, made of steel, which carried in one trip the grain which it takes 400 freight cars to bring down from the Western prairies. One of these boats, the Moreland, had gone aground on the treacherous south shore not more than a month before. She ran right

over a reef until her bow struck a second reef 500 feet away, and there she lay hard and fast, until the weight of her cargo, 12,000 tons, broke her in two.

"What is wrong with that blessed mascot of yours ?" shouted the captain, as the mate came back into the wheel house after having had a turn on the bridge to try to hear Thunder Cape horn. After shaking the wet snow from his clothes, the mate asked "What's he doing ?"

"Confound the dog !" responded the captain. "He is crouched up there in the chart room whining to beat four of a kind, and we can't throw the brute out on deck in this storm."

Just then the door opened and a boy, covered with snow and ice, his eyes and face dripping, came in bearing a coffee pot and a bundle tucked away in his pocket. "Cook, sir, thought you would be cold and sent me along with this," said he, placing a couple of cups on the floor along with the pot of coffee. For with the rolling of the boat it was better not to place anything where it could roll any farther. Having overheard the conversation between the captain and mate he dived into the chart room and tucking the crew's mascot, a wiry haired Scotch terrier, under his arm, groped his way with the aid of the life line, along the deck, and was thankful when he got back to the cook's kitchen once more.

They were now just abreast of Thunder Cape and the mate jocularly bade good bye to the towering pile of rock for the season, thankful to get that part of the journey behind him. Steaming out on the broad Lake Superior they felt the full force of the north-east gale. Navigation on the great inland lakes and waterways of Canada where you go out of sight of land requires skill and a thorough knowledge of seamanship. The officer marks off a course from point to point on the chart, and knowing the speed at which they are running, and the distance between points in fog or darkness, runs on time. Or in other words, for so many hours, the boat is steered, depending on their speed, east by west two points, and then on another tack, east by north.

Lake Superior is one of the most completely surveyed stretches of water in the world. And this is all due to a man whose name, even, is scarcely remembered, Lieutenant Bayfield, who surveyed and charted Lake Superior years ago, using only three small schooners and a handful of men for the work. And so methodical and correct was his work that few if any important changes have been made in recent surveys, even with the most improved instruments. It would be fitting indeed if the Government of Canada, under whom this man worked, erected a monument to his memory at Port Arthur, the terminus of navigation on Lake Superior. How little we think to-day of the men who have gone before us and blazed the trail. It is often the men to whom no monuments stand who have done the real work.

In making his reckonings the Captain had allowed as well as possible for the blow of the wind and the wash of the waves, and all seemed to be going well. No more boats were met with, and of course this might be expected at this late time of the year, although in summer, night or day, there is almost a continuous chain of boats coming and going between the Sault and Port Arthur. Some of these are freighters offering a two hundred yard dash between the wheel house in the bow and the engine room in the stern, handsome passenger liners, carrying with their passengers and crew 1000 souls, white sided pleasure yachts, and frequently a chunky little freighter all the way from England.

Two pairs of straining eyes in the wheel house saw it at the same time. Not five hundred feet straight ahead there was looming up a dark low shore line. For one brief moment the realization of their danger held both men spell-bound. Not a word escaped their lips. The silence was awful, and moments seemed hours. But in a flash these trained seamen were back to action. Turning it over in less time than it takes to say it, the captain realized that to attempt to put the

boat to port or starboard and endeavor to veer off, was taking too big a chance, as the shore appeared to extend both to the right and left and there was no telling when they might run on a jagged rock below the water. Grabbing the engine room telegraph his icy hands pulled the lever over until the dial pointed to "reverse," and "full speed astern" rang out down in the engine room. The momentary stopping of the steady throb of the engine, and then the shiver that ran through the whole hull as the engines were reversed, threw the crew that were below decks out of their berths, and not knowing what was happening, they sprang on deck. Down in the engine room a man whose face showed white beneath the grime and sweat was holding the controlling lever waiting for further orders, realizing that they were facing some grave danger, but it was not his to wonder why, but his to do, and on that doing in all probability depended the safety of the boat and her whole crew. Gradually she slackened her forward rush towards the land, and when within one hundred feet of the shore on which they could now hear the waves pounding, the boat started to answer the whirling propeller and back off.

It was a close call. And everyone felt for the moment, at all events, that they were out of danger. They might have to anchor where they were until the storm cleared but at least they would be clear of those barren unfriendly rocks, which were now with every turn of the screw getting farther away.

All of a sudden a shock worse than the reversing of the engines was felt. One of the crew, Jenkinson, who had been brought on board, having imbibed more John Dewar than he could properly take care of was standing hanging to one of the masts was pitched across the deck. In his incapacitated state he was unable to check himself and went overboard to a watery grave. In the tempestuous sea that was running it was beyond all human power to aid him. The bridge was heeling over, threatening to throw the officers into the churning waters, and already the deck was two feet deep with horrid, swirling, white foam.

"Merciful Heavens, captain," shouted the mate, "we are hard on the rocks astern." The situation was too much even for the iron nerves of this seaman and the exclamation was ripped out without thinking that the Captain had undoubtedly realized as quickly as he just what had happened.

THE STEAMER HAD BACKED OFF ISLE ROYALE, SEEN DIMLY AHEAD, AND PILED UP ON A SUBMERGED REEF ASTERN. THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE BRIDGE HEELING OVER

THE CAPTAIN OF "THE LAST BOAT OUT OF PORT ARTHUR"

For a moment there was a wild rush of the men along the after deck to the boats, and it was only by the cool determined effort of their superiors and the smashing of some heads that they were restrained from putting out the life boats, which would have been smashed like cockle shells in that rough sea.

To signal the engineer to stop was the work of a moment. To allow the engines to continue working might pull the boat off the rocks, but no one could tell whether her plates where broken or whether she was hard and fast on some jagged rock. The bow started to settle rapidly, and the chances were that, should she slip off, all hands would go down.

Smashing open an emergency can of rockets, the signals of distress, blowing myriads of stars breaking out from their caps went soaring into the stormy heavens. Imagine the relief of the crew when they saw an answering rocket followed by the deep bay of a steamer's whistle.

The Guthrie was coming up the Lake. And the watchman felt a chill reach his heart as he saw through the storm the call for help from some brother seaman. They figured that the wreck was among the isles and crags of Isle Royal, in summer time alive with campers, but at this season of the year deserted save for the solitary lighthouse keeper, and realized that to endeavor to try and get close enough to take the crew off the wrecked steamer would mean almost certain destruction to their own boat. The wreck did not seem to be sinking, as they continued to answer the signals with their whistle. And while altering their course to get in as close as possible to the wrecked steamer that great invention of the age was brought into play. Strung high between the rakish masts of the Guthrie were two thin wires, and in the darkened room off the wheelhouse the sputtering and hissing of an electric spark meant the sending out of a call for help to the wireless station on the hilltop at Port Arthur.

It was only the work of a few moments for the wireless operator on land to telephone down to the wrecking tugs laying alongside of the dock with steam up. Within a few minutes the captain of the wreckers was in his wheelhouse, and both captain and men, realizing that human life was in danger, pressed forward under full steam, out into the raging waters of

the Bay. Realizing that they were in for a bad run of possibly twenty-five miles, the hatches were securely battened down, and all doors securely locked from the inside, the captain himself taking the wheel as not a foot must be lost in leeway. As they were driving full speed ahead in the sea that was then running the foam sometimes came down the smoke stack as that was the only remaining opening. It required careful seamanship to combat the elements of nature that night.

Welcome indeed was the sight to those poor shivering sailors in the wreck as the tug "Whalen" carefully drew alongside. The captain, daring to the point of fearlessness, but knowing every foot of the Lake, never slackened speed or hesitated until he had run in amongst the rocks and tied up alongside the wreck. "Come on, men," shouted the wrecking tug captain, "Get on board this boat. There is no time to get anything off your hull." And as he noticed two men lying on the deck of the wrecked steamer unable to move they were so numbed from exposure, some of his own crew sprang aboard and dragged these men to their boat and down below into the warm cabin where hot coffee and warm blankets soon restored circulation and gave them safety.

Just as the wrecking tug was about to cast off from the boat, the captain of the wrecked steamer realized that the cabin boy was not on board and sprang back on the wreck shouting in answer to the exclamation of surprise "My God ! You don't suppose I am going to leave the kid behind !" He had not gone more than a few steps when he saw the poor bedraggled lad feeling his way along the deck. In answer to the captain's summons as to what he was doing on board when he ought to have been on the tug, he replied "Well, I was not going to leave Jimmie, the mascot behind, and I had to hunt all over the darned old boat to find him."

It is moments like these when men face death that their best or worse nature is brought out. Sometimes it makes a bad man worse, usually better. It invariably brings out the kinder and better impulses of men. Grabbing both the boy and the dog in his arms he reeled to the side of the boat where willing hands dragged them on deck.

Down in the cabin now that the strain was over, some of the men were crying, some laughing. Such is the way in which thanks is often shown under stress.

As some of the crew required medical attendance after their harrowing experience amidst the rolling billows and biting cold, the wrecking tug was headed back to Port Arthur. As the cold had been increasing she was a mass of ice when next morning at daylight she tied up at her dock. In fact the men on shore had to chop the ice from around the doors before the captain and crew could get out.

It is not often that such a storm and such severe cold occur. But once in every few years there is experienced a few days of such weather, and then it is better to stay on shore.

Now that the crew was safe the wreckers turned their attention towards saving the cargo of the boat. As soon as the weather moderated, wrecking scows, derricks and tugs, went out to the scene of the wreck and started the Herculanean task of getting the boat off the rocks, as they had made up their minds to bring her back into port. All the time the spray from the waves was freezing over ropes and pulleys, as well as men, making work more difficult. But nowadays with improved methods unless a boat goes down to the bottom, comparatively little is lost.

The first work was to transfer the cargo, damaged although it was, to lighten the vessel, and this was put into barges and brought into port. Time and time again during work the men, numbed with cold, stuck to the work only through the inspiration of the boss, a man of indomitable pluck.

And here again their work was materially added by the wireless telegraph, as they carried wireless telegraphy on their boats. They were notified from day to day and sometimes from hour to hour as to the weather which might be expected. In the face

of a bad storm they could thus leave the wreck to itself and run into shelter.

Probably few people realize the valuable work which the Government does with her meteorological service. In this case the records were received from the meteorological Weather Bureau at Port Arthur and telegraphed out to the wreck. It was almost uncanny to stand on the deck of the big wrecking barge and have a telegram handed to you, addressed "Empire, Lake Superior," and reading "Hurricane coming from north-west due here to-morrow." Signed "Wolf." It was the means in this case of enabling the wrecking outfit to take care of themselves, and from their safe anchorage after the storm had passed they would dart out, like wreckers of old, and renew their efforts at lightening the cargo and stopping up the leaks.

Ultimately by operating powerful pumps and having got the cargo all out, the boat was pulled off the rock. But here came the ticklish work. A big steel scow made airtight by battening down all hatches with steel plate was lashed alongside, and the pumps on board the wreck were forced to their utmost capacity which enabled a constant Niagara to be poured over the sides. Thus with two tugs, one well out ahead, and one alongside holding the wreck merely by a slip line, so as to save the crew, that were operating the pumps, in case the water gained on them, and the boat sank, resulted in the damaged boat being landed safely in the Dry Docks at Port Arthur.

At noon on Christmas day this little flotilla steamed into the harbor. She was a sorry looking wreck; broken masts, life boats washed away, cabin windows gone, rigging all battered, and riding dangerously low in the water.

After she was safely landed in the Dry Dock and the water pumped out a jagged hole was found astern where the cruel rocks had bent in and crushed her plates.

In fact it was a blessing that she had been unable to pull off the rocks as she would have sunk immediately and not one of the crew could have been saved.

It is interesting to know that this boat, the last out of the harbor in the fall, turned out spick and span and was the first boat to leave with a new cargo in the spring.

There was a twinkle in the captain's eye and a joyous smile on his face as he again stepped on the bridge of his boat, the owners having been unable to charge any blame to him under the terrible circumstances of the wreck. The mascot, Jimmie, was with all pomp and honor carried back on board, the mate remarking "If we had just obeyed our instincts we would never have gone out on that stormy night. Dogs often can feel more than men can realize."

VICTORIA

BY KATHLEEN K. BOWKER

EACH returning April brings
The memory to my mind,
Of a sun-lit land where warm winds blow,
And blue-bloused Chinamen, all in a row,
Work in the fields where violets grow,
With the green salt sea behind.

The Wheat-Pit From the Woman's Gallery

AN AFTERNOON IN THE WINNIPEG GRAIN MARKET

By Dorcas MacAlister

HAVE you ever sat in a great hostelry, listly gazing out, too tired to think, but idly looking at the bustle and rush of a business street—and then realized that unconsciously you were watching the men who passed in and out of a sky-scraper, noting each and wondering what manner of man he might be, until you were suddenly alive to the intense interest of the life of the street?

So I sat at my window in Winnipeg the other day, weary after a seven thousand mile journey over the west. The great stone building stood up stark and strong in the golden sunlight, the polished brass guards of its doors gleamed as they swung, and incessantly men passed in and out, intent, keen-eyed, absorbed.

The curiosity of the Easterner abroad in the West is intense. So long the West has been the land of romance and marvel that we are constantly on the lookout for some of it to occur before our astonished eyes. So I went down, weary no longer, and demanded of the hotel clerk what the building across the street might be. With the superior air of a cicerone of a personally conducted tour, the clerk informed me that it was the wheat pit of Canada.

Now I felt that I had a just claim of anything belonging to my country, although when a Westerner says Canada, he means only that portion of the Dominion west and north of Winnipeg, so, arming myself with my notebook, I hastened to the gallery of the pit.

It was not a new scene to me, for I had spent hours watching the mad crowd of the New York stock exchange; but somehow this had a new flavor. It was our own—Canadian; besides, it was the centre of the breadbasket of the world. As soon as I became accustomed to the howling bedlam of the place, I commenced to study individuals.

There was the man with the long cigar, who was either deep in conversation, or cracking spicy jokes with the two or three companions from whom he never allowed himself to become separated. There, too, was the smooth-faced man of uncertain age, characteristically Western, and puzzling to the Easterner. There was the big, loosely-dressed, careless man who called across to a taller and slighter friend, "Jimmie, how much do I owe you?" and with a stroke of the pen and a fluttering slip of paper torn from a cheque-book wiped out his debt.

There was a goodlooking man wearing a red tie; and there, too, was the man who paced restlessly up and down, seeing only the margin on his wheat and thinking, forever thinking, how the shortage was to be covered at the bank.

But scarcely have I become used to the place, when a bell rings, and instantly the pit with its three steps up and its six steps down becomes a seething pandemonium. Men seem to spring up from every direction; they close in as in a football scrimmage; bidding runs high; arms fly, a phlegmatic German is pawed by five or six men; pencils fly; men leap like wild creatures into the pit; the fat man looks apoplectic; the placid man withdraws; everybody yells together; and from above it looks like a typhoon-smitten sea of pompadours, side-parts, middle parts, bald and semi-bald heads, and a dozen different varieties of agitated hats.

The bell rings again, and the frenzy increases. Messengers dash about—we see the good-looking man hail a lad frantically and rush him out through the nearest door—telephones and telegraph keys keep up an incessant clatter—the man with the red tie walks out, trying to saunter and look unconcerned.

What is it all about? The tickers drown the enunciation of the yells, and the tape as it passes into the basket in the brokers' offices raises to high heaven or dashes to perdition the hopes of the man with the gambling instinct in the blood, who cannot refrain from nibbling, but I am none the wiser. I can only sit and feel the madness and the fascination of it all; and sense the tremendous forces at work—the iron will of the man who has the nerve to "bull" or "bear" the market as best suits his purpose, cornering wheat or barley at his will. It may be a fiendish way to make money, but to sit here above the boiling pit is to realize the great power of one of the most fascinating things on earth, and to feel the great spirit of venture busy with a high-staked game.

And—this is purely a feminine observation of the deepest dye—it is such a nice clean way of making money, without the sordidness of weights and measures.

The pit clears. Babel is muted to a hum. I look away—and when I look back, lo! it is filled again with men, who, with renewed lung power and even wilder-waving arms take up a louder cry than before. Every window is opened to the full, to cool off the heated air. Paradoxical as it may seem, the "pit" is at the very top of a nine-story building.

Now that I am more used to the place, I study the different ways the men bid. There is a nervous man, bidding quickly, with clawing gestures, there is a well-dressed man with a carefully groomed skin who bids pompously; another with his hat on utters spasmodic yells, or barks; and there is our friend of the red tie, back again, unexcited, quiet, shrewd, but in the thick of the row. The man with the red tie grows on me; evidently it is hard business with him.

But there again goes the bell. They are properly off to a finish now. The man at the high desk shouts through his megaphone; the disk flashes 1-8; the boys clean their blackboards, the bidding is augmented with new voices; and then suddenly wheat closes in the pit at 102-1-8, and three o'clock rings out from the towers of Winnipeg. The day is over.

I have heard hundreds of thousands of bushels of wheat sold in the last hour, though I did not understand a word of what was going on, and though not a kernel of grain has ever been or ever will be actually passed from hand to hand in the pit. But so fascinated have I become with the energy and resource displayed by these keen-eyed, handsome men that it is with deep regret that I pass down to the street through layer after layer of offices of grain brokers and elevator companies, and step out into the Winnipeg sunshine. The entire building, with the exception of a banking office on the first floor, is occupied by men whose sole business is with wheat and other grains. As I thought of our little six-acre wheat fields in Ontario and contrasted them with the hundreds of

miles of shining grain through which I had just passed, I made my deepest courtesy to the men of our Western country, the strongest and most virile men in the world, well set up, frank, true and brave, whether in the wheat pit, or in the open field. I believe the Westerners' big stories now. Nothing can be too big to happen in the West.

THE GOLDEN GIRL

BY T. A. DALY

RED hair !
Isn't it quare ?
Once on a time I'd do nothin' but jeer at it.
Now, faith,
Look at me teeth,
See how I show them an' growl when you sneer at it.

Brown eyes ?
"Muddy wid lies,
"Dull an' deceitful," I once was decidin' them;
But—whack !—
Yours will go black
Under me fist now, if you'd be deridin' them.

What's more,
Freckles galore
Made a complexion the worst I could deem of it;
But now—
You must allow
They give a touch o' pure gold to the cream of it.

Some girls
Flaunt the red curls,
But it is blue eyes inundher that gaze at ye;
Some own
Freckles alone—
Let them be oglin' as much as they pl'ase at ye.

One charm
Needn't alarm,
Fear not the lass who is only unfoldin' one;
But she
Blessed wid all three—
Like my own Nora—Och ! *She* is the golden one.

UNWILLING EVE

By Robert Ames Bennet

Author of "For the White Christ," "Which One?" etc.

Illustrated by
Percy Edward Anderson

SYNOPSIS.

Three people, Genevieve Leslie, a society girl; Cecil Winthrope, an Englishman in the diplomatic service; and Tom Blake, a Canadian civil engineer, are wrecked on the most desolate [illegible] coast. Blake [illegible] Miss Leslie has been squelched by Winthrope on board the steamer, but shortly after the storm subsides, Blake [illegible] party. A headland shows some ten miles to the south, with promise of water and safety from the malarial swamps. This the party heads for, and in the journey Winthrope sprains his ankle, which forces Blake to carry him. Almost spent with thirst, they reach a river, and Blake, pushing ahead, finds that it is salt with the sea-water of high tide. Meantime, Winthrope discovers an uprooted cocoa-palm, and the nuts serve as both food and drink. They spend the night in a baobab tree, hearing wild beasts about them, but safe from their attacks. Next morning, Blake starts out to find a way to cross the river and so reach the headland.

CHAPTER VII.

AROUND THE HEADLAND.

It was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached, the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrope.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Sling on your hats, and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrope.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me, if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned [illegible] he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrope, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help, he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until

they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand spit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar, or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrope's knowledge, had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water, and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs on the mud-bank ? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures ?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago, and they didn't bother me any. Come on ! There's wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the surf'll be rolling upon this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrope. "Step behind me, and gather your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied,

"Come on !" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's-length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not a hundred yards distant.

In the centre of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface, and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute ? Has he got you ?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by !" gasped Winthrope. "There he is !"

A long bony snout, fringed on either side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish !" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar, without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south side of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the far end hooked sharply to the left, and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs, but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrope instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch ? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord ! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes, you have. Dammit ! why couldn't you tell me before ?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrope a crutch—"

"Crutch !" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud ? And look at that cloud ! We're in for a squall. Here !"

He handed the girl the smaller string of cocoanuts, flung the other up the beach, and stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy cocoanuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run two hundred paces, they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk, and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving down-pour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs.

The gray rock towered above them thirty or forty feet high. Blake deposited Winthrope upon a wet ledge, and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other, if we can get around the point. I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his ankle. Keep a sharp eye out for anything in the flint line—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough, without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the cocoanuts, and if I don't show up by noon, save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rain-water, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrope and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain, without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water ten or fifteen feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone, he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that the channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another hundred paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it, and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over, and the rain began to moderate its down-pour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the Northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away, with a growl. "More of those darned

feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seafowl.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to, if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse, and backed off along the beach, to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seafowl and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Brobdingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint."

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession, one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rainwater and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved, they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down, he squatted on his heels, and spent some time trying to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun, he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer, and stretched himself out for a nap.

CHAPTER VIII

[illegible]

It was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up, and peered around through the half leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air,—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the seafowl.

In marked contrast to this scene, the

plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season— Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrope lying under the shade of the over-hanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrope was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fawncy she won't be for long."

He would have passed on, but Winthrope stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he protested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrope hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes; I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrope's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?— What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained anger: "You you lounder you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British lion r-r-ro-ars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrope with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrope's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blat any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrope only drew back a step farther, and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking jeer. "You'll learn, Pat, me b'y. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—premier, governor-general and House of Parliament. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrope.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts, your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd, and runs things to suit themselves. But here we've sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age, and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains

of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the cocoanuts?"

Winthrope picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrope, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat, you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrope hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the cocoanuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat, and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty open-work waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrope could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Winthrope?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrope.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fussily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat over-assiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"'Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake ?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again !"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should we climb ?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with sea-birds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do ! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

"They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrope, you might fetch some of those stones—size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But these stones—"

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go in a bunch, after all, in case I need stones."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle—not for Winthrope,—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smouldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring !" shouted Blake. "I guessed right. Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

The others followed him eagerly as he pushed in among the trees. They saw no running water, for the tiny rill that trickled down the ledges was matted over with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and over-shadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrope; "see the tracks ! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake, bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "These ain't sheeptracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook ?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to get at our poultry yard."

"Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him, and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges beneath the over-arching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not ?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, though—and their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was bare of all vegetation. Blake laid his club on the top of the ledge, and was about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw, outlined in dried mud. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him, and crept back down the trail. His stealthy movements and furtive backward glances filled his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of the trees—into the open !" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they crept away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club raised in readiness to strike.

AT MISS LESLIE'S SCREAM, BLAKE WHIRLED [illegible] AND "WHERE'S THE BRUTE?" HAS

JABBED WITH HIS CLUB AT THE SUPPOSED ALLIGATOR.
HE "GOT YOU," HE SHOUTED

Once clear of the trees, Winthrope caught Miss Leslie by the hand, and broke into a run. In their terror, they paid no heed to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of a hundred yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrope roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprint," mumbled Blake, ashamed of his fright.

"A lion's?" cried Winthrope.

"Not so large—'bout the size of a puma's. Must be a leopard's den up there. I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"By Jove, we'd better withdraw around the point!"

"Withdraw your aunty! There's no leopard going to tackle us out here in open ground this time of day. The sneaking tomcat! If only I had a match, I'd show him how we smoke rat holes."

"Mr. Winthrope spoke of rubbing sticks to make fire," suggested Miss Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to at all. The sun's hot enough to fry eggs. We'll go back to a shady place, and pick up sticks on the way."

Though there was shade under the cliff within some six hundred feet, they had to go some distance to the nearest dry wood—a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, penknife in hand. Having selected the dryest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole, and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough, or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was lacking, all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrope insisted upon trying in turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd stand more chance cracking stones together."

"But what shall we do now?" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very tired of cocoanuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along the shore this morning we might have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart—Quilimane, Mozambique—that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hens'-teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrope.

"Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with fellows down on the Rand."

"But what shall we do?" repeated Miss Leslie, with a little frightened catch in her voice. She was at last beginning to realize what this rude break in her sheltered, pampered life might mean. "What shall we do? It's—it's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks or perhaps months—unless some ship comes for us!"

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "suppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's daughter, you've got brains somewhere down under the boarding-school stuff."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's a question of think, not of putting on airs. Here we are, worse off than the people of the Stone Age. They had fire and flint axes; we've got nothing but our think tanks, and as to

lions and leopards and that sort of thing, it strikes me we've got about as many on hand as they had."

"Then you and Mr. Winthrop should immediately arm yourselves."

"How ?—But we'll leave that till later. What else ?"

The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must have water. Think how we suffered yesterday ! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and—"

"All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand ?"

"I understand about the water. You would frighten the leopard away with the fire; and if it would do that, it would also keep away the other animals at night. But as for food, unless we return for cocoanuts—"

"Don't give it up ! Keep your thinker going on the side, while Pat tells us our next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head—"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrope."

"You're off, there," rejoined Blake. "But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next."

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They—er—they called me Win at Harrow."

"That so ? My English chum went to Harrow—Jimmy Scarbridge."

"Lord James !—your chum ?"

"He started in like you, sort of top-lofty. But he chummed all right—after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping."

"Oh, really now, Blake, you can't expect any one with brains to believe that, you know !"

"No; I don't know, you know,—and I don't know if you've got any brains, you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move ?"

"Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing—don't interrupt, please ! It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. If we should return to your tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms."

"That's one side. Here's the other. Bar to wade across—sharks and alligators; then swampy ground—malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still sore enough, by their look."

"If only I had a jar of cold cream !" sighed Miss Leslie.

"If only I had a hunk of jerked beef!" echoed Blake.

"I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night around on the seaward face of the cliff ?" asked Winthrope. "I noticed a place where the ledges overhang—almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast would venture so close to the sea ?"

"Can't say. Didn't see any tracks; so we'll chance it for to-night. Next?"

"By morning I believe my ankle will be in such shape that I could go back for the string of cocoanuts which we dropped on the beach."

"I'll go myself, to-day, else we'll have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts haven't been washed away by the tide, we're fixed for to-night; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next ? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea-birds good to eat ?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"Some."

"Then, if only we could climb the cliff—might there not be another place ?"

"No; I've looked at both sides. What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply. The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just concentrated malaria."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge ?"

"That's the ticket ! You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny ! It's too late to start now. But first thing to-morrow I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fish-line out of cocoanut fibre. By braiding your hair, Miss Jenny, you can spare us your hair-pins for hooks."

"But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid—I'd

rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near—"

"Well, I don't know. Let's see your feet."

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her skirt.

"Um-m—stocking torn; but those slippers are tougher than I thought. Most of the way will be good walking, along the beach. We'll leave the fishing to Pat—er—beg pardon—Win! With his ankle—"

"By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. I give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrope must go with us!"

"'Fraid to go alone, eh?" demanded Blake, frowning.

His tone startled and offended her; yet all he saw was a politely quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why should I be afraid, Mr. Blake?" she asked.

Blake stared at her moodily. But when she met his gaze with a confiding smile, he flushed and looked away

"All right," he muttered; "we'll move camp together. But don't expect me to pack his ludship, if we draw a blank and have to trek back without food or water."

To be continued

THE POETS' CORNER

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

BY T. D. J. FARMER

O HALLOW'D place—here are our bards at rest,
And as my feet stray 'mong thy pedestals
A thought surpassing sweet the spot recalls:
Not England's sons alone, we of the West
Are too by thy divine aroma blest
And share the influence shrin'd within thy walls.
These lives, these tombs, these carv'd memorials
By us are honor'd, worshipp'd and caress'd
And every brow-encircl'd laureate,
Whose mortal clay hath mingl'd with thy dead—
From Chaucer, glorious and of ancient date,
To Tennyson, by all beloved and read,
O'er all the world doth each disseminate
The fragrance with which thou'rt environed.

Where The Danes Came In

A THOUSAND BESIEGERS

By James Baker

Author of "John Westacott," "The Cardinal's Page," etc.

Illustrated from Photographs

IT WAS on a grey morning in September that we woke up in quiet Aldeburgh, to begin a ramble through ancient Anglia, that strip of English territory which offers a square front to the grey North Sea, and of which an American once said at R. D. Blackmore's table that "England is the biggest country on earth. Every inch of it has a history and no one could ever master it all."

From Aldeburgh, we were going away up to Cais or, just beyond Yarmouth, Sir John Festolph's home, and passing through the extremes of our modern life. The calm peace of rural scenes we knew would be varied with the rush of tourist traffic in crowded resorts—but we did not know how much of deep interest we were to see.

Aldeburgh was sleepy enough, in all conscience, as we strolled up its long stretch of steep, pebbled beach, beneath which ran sandy stretches washed by the full tide. The hungry sea has eaten at Aldeburgh for centuries, and all that is left of it is one long street and a modern terrace or two, facing the sea. In the centre of the grass-patched sands stands the quaint old Moot Hall, of timber architecture, filled in with brick. Formerly this hall, now washed by the sea at high tides, stood in the centre of the town, with two streets of houses intervening between it and the ravenous waves, that on this coast take their meals of English land. Now its overhanging upper floor shelters the fishermen and sailor folk against the driving rain,

while the dial on its gable end helps to carry the mind back to Shakespearean days when dials were carved out quaintly, "point by point, thereby to see the minutes how they run."

We got a little lad to stand by the dial end corner, while we took a snapshot of this curious relic of self-ruling England, he being the only traveller abroad in the early morning—the best time for the photographer.

In one of the great storms that have years, deplored the new battue shooting as a lazy, unsportsmanlike fashion, and suggested that sport in the district was health-giving, for he was as active as many at fifty. And in his shooting-kit he looked sturdy enough to bear out his boast.

At Saxemundham, the traveller who gets delayed can fill in a pleasant hour by walking out to the village of Kelsale, where the church still has many interesting features remaining. The

DUNWICH PRIORY, A REMNANT OF THE VANISHED GLORIES OF THE ANCIENT CHURCH TOWN

so gnawed at Aldeburgh, there disappeared the home of George Crabbe, one of England's writers, whose limpid verses are not unaptly illustrated by his often quoted couplet:

> In idle wishes fools supinely stray;
> Be there a will—and wisdom finds a way.

A look at the church where Crabbe was baptized and that has had much of its interest "restored" away, about exhausts the sights of Aldeburgh, where those who halt stay for quiet and golf and shooting. One blithe old gentleman whom we met on our way to Saxemundham, owned to eighty-seven

old sexton came up to us as we were looking at the font.

"Old fashion concern that, sir," he ejaculated.

The Norfolk lion figured at the base, and the emblems of the Evangelists at the four sides, the lamb for St. John being decidedly a sheep, though the bull and the lion resembled each other close enough to be brothers. It was of the usual East Anglian style, a little more quaintly rendered than usual, and we agreed that it was old-fashioned indeed. The pulpit is Jacobean, and in asking whether there had not been

more old carving about the church, the sexton responded:

"Yes, but it were cleared away; but there, the psalms tell about the carving work being put on one side," a verse that seemed to comfort the old man for the loss of the cunning work of bygone days.

Outside, traces are left of the early date of the church, a priests' door on the south side being good Norman work, with zigzag mouldings and

THE OLD SEXTON AT KELSALE CAUGHT BY THE CAMERA COGITATING HIS REPLY TO OUR REQUEST

grotesque heads. We attempted to persuade the old Anglian to stand in a Norman door on the south side, and caught him in the act of cogitating a reply to our request, getting also a picture illustrating well the fruit architecture around the Norman mouldings.

Those who would visit Southwold must leave the main line of railway at Halesworth; and a pleasant walk it is from that town to the coast. The town itself has one of the richest churches in the district, with brasses and carvings that are well worth halting for. One old house on the road out of the town has a strange carving of two lions, a cock and an eagle, and traces of other quaint work.

After a breezy walk along the gravelly road, we reach the hamlet of Mells, and turn aside to visit the ruins of a little chapel, reminding us of the seven churches in County Wicklow. A round apse is still left, ivy-hung, and a rest beneath its shade is agreeable before we pass on beneath the oak-shaded road, over an open heath rich with furze and heather, and through fields and past a copse where rabbits shelter, into the ancient borough of Blytheburgh. Hidden among ivy clumps are some traces of its priory, but standing out in stately glory is a church that will repay much time spent over it, whether or no one be historian, archæologist or artist, for its beauty is such as to appeal to the most careless observer.

Within, it has hardly been touched by the restorer's hand, so that we can see in just what manner of church our fathers of the fifteenth century wor-

shipped. The flat timber roof, supported by timber brackets, is still painted red, green and white, with flat figures of great angels holding shields, their heads all haloed by golden hair and with golden crowns upon them. Pulpit and stalls are excessively rich, especially the stalls, and sketching these we saw a lady and a gentleman.

As we stood wondering at the richness of the work, and longing to get some information, as to the meaning of some of the curious figures, we ventured to put a question to the gentleman. It was lucky for us that we did so, for we found we were speaking to one of the most famous London doctors, who, although busy with literary work, had made a capital study of this district. We ventured to gainsay one of his statements, which led him to ask where we lodged, and to recommend us to an inn called "The Star," where he promised to call and convince us of his facts.

The bench ends of the church are covered with illustrations of the vices and virtues, and with figures of the seasons, autumn being represented as a reaper, and winter as one chopping wood. Near the stalls stands a curious figure of a "jack of the clock," or as the sexton called it, "Jack smite bell," wearing red armour and helmet, black coat and white greaves. It was a decidedly strange figure, but the Doctor told us that we would see it repeatedly in Southwold; and thither he accompanied us by the little railway with its diminutive engines and carriages, like some baby giant's toy.

We had intended to spend but a day or so here, but under the Doctor's guidance we found that Southwold was the centre of a rich and interesting district. Besides, at the inn was a pleasant company—two other famous doctors, one great in Alpine work, the other well-known as a Royal Physician—and we lingered on.

Like most of these towns, Southwold is quiet and drowsy. It stands on a cliff that is constantly being eaten away by the waves.

"Why," said an old sailor, speaking of Greenhill Fort and the cannon [illegible] being put back twice in my time." He could also "mind" a tragedy connected with these guns. They were being fired on some joyful occasion, and "the officer had rammed 'un, and weren't quite satisfied. He thought he'd have another touch at 'un, an' the gun went off." The officer rammed guns no more, and since then, they have not been fired.

Southwold country is a rich country for a painter. Gipsy encampments, village commons, moorland rich in furze and bracken, sea-room and fishing smack, all offer picturesque subjects. Through such scenes, one comes to Dunwich, one of England's famous ports in bygone times.

A sea-engulfed remnant of a town now, but with the ruins of Priory and churches to tell of its former greatness, is Dunwich. Six churches were here at one period, and in the reign of Edward I. it sent out eleven ships of war, sixteen fair ships, twenty trading barks, and twenty-four fishing boats. For two hundred and forty years it was the seat of a bishopric, the descendants from which now hold the see of Norwich. In the romance, "The Gleaming Dawn," it is from Dunwich that Peter Payne and John Pennings sail, when they escape from Oxford. There in earlier days Dane and Saxon came down the northeast wind, to land from their long-beaked galleys and harry the villages. The northeast wind has boded England no good from the days of the Painted Men until to-day.

But Dane and Saxon and priest and bishop have departed; the river that helped to give it power has changed its course, and most of the town has been eaten away by the sea. The wall of the Priory, a Franciscan monastery, and two of its gates with a cluster of its buildings still remain, ivy-clad and picturesque; and upon a windy height the ruins of All Saints' Church, built in 1350, still hold out against the tempests. The Doctor had told us to examine carefully its tower, and we should see that the debris of a still earlier church had been built into it. True it was; and numerous round pilaster heads were noticeable against the masonry of the tower. In the

church were bits of Norman, Early English and perpendicular work, giving evidence of three or four centuries of life.

On the beach three or four tents told of summer campers; and a dozen or so boats bespoke the scanty colony of fisherfolk. One old dame was proud to show us a nickel-mounted telescope "given to my boy, what's gone away to sea, as he saved a young lady's life." A kernel of a romance, this, that Baring Gould might have woven into an East Anglian story.

The Doctor was waiting for us at Southwold, after we had put in as bad a bit of walking over loose shingle and in a drenching rain as we ever experienced; but we required nothing more physicianly than his antiquarian prescriptions, in spite of our wetting, and next morning we carried these out very pleasantly in the churchyard of Southwold church. Here lies Thomas Gardiner, a salt excise officer, between his two wives, Honor and Virtue, while the rhyme upon the headstone runs:

> Betwixt Honor and Virtue here doth lie
> The remains of old Antiquity.

The Doctor handed me a volume written by Gardiner, as I was noting the verses on the tombs of the vanished ladies. Not far off lies Agnes Strickland, the historian of the Queens of England.

Within, the church is full of mediæval riches, and a jack o' the clock smites the bell as clergy and choir enter the church. It is to these curious old jacks that Shakespeare alludes in "Richard II.":

> But my time runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
> While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.

The screen, with its mediæval symbolic painting is a marvel of beauty, and there are numerous other points of curious interest to which we have not space to give.

At last we left Southwold, and walked away through deep-hedged lanes and scented fields to Covehithe, passing harvesters in the fields, and talking with one child at a gate who was already bitten with the wandering fever, and did not like "been in this awld pleace," but wanted to go to London. Here, one hears the speech from which the Cockney tongue has developed, and the old London habit of pronouncing the "w" as "v" is still retained. Perhaps this is a relic of the ancient Saxons, for the "w" is so pronounced still in German.

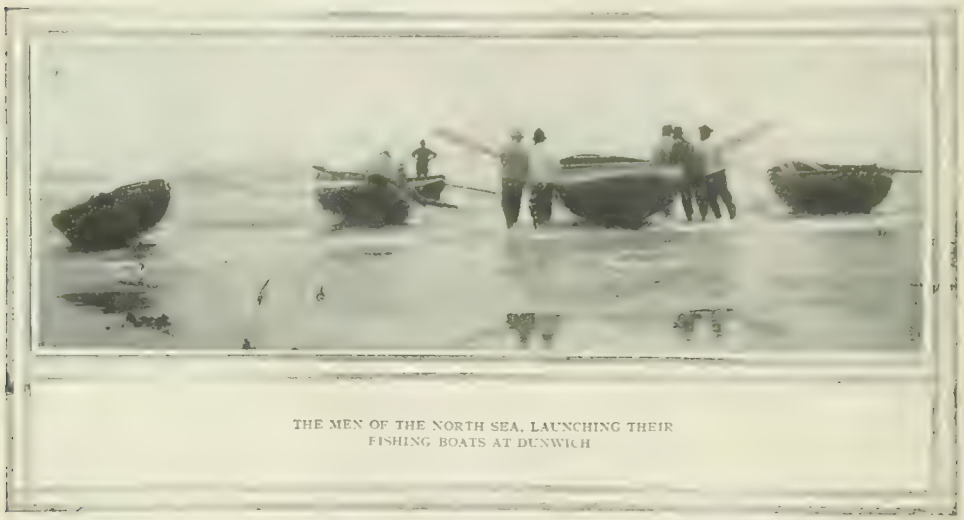
The old font of the ancient church has been placed in a new little edifice within the stately ruins, and after a rest beneath its walls, listening to the sound of the distant sea, the hum of insects,

THE PICTURESQUE WINDMILL AND WHERRIES ON NORFOLK BROAD

the wind among the trees, the twitter of birds and cluck of tame fowl, we pushed out again on the Wrentham road, past old inns famous in coaching days, past Benacre Hall and the Village of Kissingland (spelt Kessingland, but never so pronounced) until we stopped at the sign of the King's Head.

There was a marvellous travelling clockmaker stopping here, who was boasting that he spoke twenty-one languages, among them Persian, Arabic and all the European tongues. But alas! before we could try him in one, our host showed us into the best parlor, and before we could come out chose the rail, and journeyed to St. Olaves (pronounced Saint Tolve's), where we put up at a tumbledown old timber inn called "The Bell," with queer passages and break-neck stairways.

In the morning we paid a visit to the ruins of an old priory, now hid in a garden—a garden with an actual bower in it. An old dame lives in the habitable room, who told us that "soldiers used to live here and kill and slay one another." Here, and in the old stable adjoining, are some remnants of good architectural work, octagonal pillars and niches, and the old dame told us



THE MEN OF THE NORTH SEA, LAUNCHING THEIR FISHING BOATS AT DUNWICH

again to have a word with the marvel, he was gone. However, the comfort of the old inn resigned us to minor disappointments. There was an old-world garden of sweet-scented flowers among its attractions; and on a side table lay a Bible belonging to one Delilah Howlett. It is rarely a woman confesses to being a Delilah.

After leaving this village, we sighted for a moment the town of Lowestoff, and floundered in the midst of char-a-bancs, shows, Salvation Army lasses, niggers and all the concomitants of a crowded watering-place. But Lowestoff is an easy place to leave by rail, river boat, or sea steamers; and near it is Oulton Broad, a lovely piece of water, dashed with silver sails. We that they had dug down as far as a ladder would go, and found white flagstones below. The ruins about this place were very extensive.

A quarter of an hour from here is Fritton Decoy, where a little girl, dressed all in red, demanded a toll of threepence for passing in through the gardens of Fritton Hall to the water. Very lovely were the grounds, with grass terraces, and old red walls hid by trees hung with fruit and pleasant flowers; and below the slope's edge lay the shining waters of the Decoy, where the pigeon's coo and the cast of an angler's line are the loudest sounds to disturb the wanderer.

But we were on the track of a place called Burgh Castle (pronounced

Borough), where we had heard there was a remnant of that rarity, Roman architecture in England. We enquired at Belton station for the direction, and started off down a grassy drive and across marshes between reeds and rushes till we came to some cottages where an old dame told us, we were "in Borough Castle the now." But after a little explaining she directed us past some deserted cement works by the river, and then, turning to our right, saw to our amazement a mass of intersected red-tiled work, plainly Roman.

As we approached, and passed around this great wall, with its rounded bastions, we found that it carried round, stretching some two hundred yards down the field, a mighty wall some fourteen feet high and ten feet wide. Two round towers at either end and two in the centre marked the divisions of the wall. A discussed point about the monument is whether or not there was once a fourth wall, making the structure foursquare. There has certainly been a landslip on the river side, but no trace of masonry has been discovered.

While I was getting a picture of the long wall, a well-dressed old dame came up and gave me an opinion of the work.

"I should say the round towers was built for support," she stated, "but it is nothing like 'Adleigh Castle—'ave you seen that? 'Twas built o' chalk—built by my ancestors, the Earls o' 'Adleigh, as came over with the Conqueror, as was a soldier." I regretted that I had not seen Hadleigh Castle, and passed on down to the Church, meeting a farmer in the field who emphatically settled the question as to the fourth wall with, "I'd know it was never a wall. I don't think; I know; and that's more." Decided as he was on this point, he was not above asking for a drink for himself and his men.

There is a history to the church, as well as to the old castle and Defence Camp, but we must get on into Yarmouth, along Breydon Water, where the wherry sails and windmills alone block the horizon over the flat-land. With its pier and sands and halls, its old inns and churches, Greyfriars and the Tollhouse saved from ruin by Mr. T. Danby Palmer, Yarmouth has much to attract the tourist; but we turned from the towns to go over the golf links, and past the rifle butts to Caistor Church, and Caistor Castle. Oddly enough, I had put the "Paston Letters" in my bag on starting out, not knowing that my wanderings would lead me to the scene of the famous siege so graphically described by Margaret Paston. The castle with thirty defenders held out against a thousand besiegers, and its legends and history make it of peculiar interest. One tower is still intact, and so is a good part of the walls running around the moat, which is still full of water; and the grotesque gargoyles and arcading of the outer walls show good work. But peaceful meditation on the life here in Sir John Fastolf's time was rudely disturbed by a party of Yarmouth sightseers who were "doing" the castle, one of whom demanded, on viewing the basement of the tower, "Wau's this for? A aiche 'ole?" Being interpreted, this was "What's this for? An ash hole?" So our trip came to an end, after a delightful wandering through Easternmost England.

The Story of Peter Sinclair

By W. E. Traill

ONE of the most original characters that was to be met in the Red River settlement in old times was old Peter Sinclair. He was, perhaps, one of the first fruits of the Protestant missionary effort in the West, and was then employed as Missionary Interpreter.

He was a Scotch half caste but must have been brought up very much among the Indians. His English was very peculiar and to a stranger almost unintelligible, and yet he insisted upon speaking English, even when his auditor would have understood him better had he used his mother tongue. His greatest peculiarity in speech was his indiscriminate use of the definite article.

Once, soon after the arrival of the first Bishop of Ruperts Land, his Lordship wished to visit a part of his immense diocese and as he had need of an interpreter Archdeacon Crowley sent for Peter and told him that the Bishop needed his services for the trip.

Giving him a letter of introduction he sent him to the Bishop's palace with the following injunction: "Now, Peter, you must say "Yes, my Lord," or "No, my Lord," and be sure you say "Good morning, my Lord."

"I the know. I the understand," said Peter, and off he posted.

On knocking for admittance the Bishop himself came to the door.

Peter's salutation was, "Good Lord, my morning," and handed in his credentials, on reading which the Bishop said,

"I understand that you are Mr. Peter Sinclair."

"Yes, my Lord."

"You have just arrived, I understand. From whence did you come?"

"Yes, my Lord."

"How long have you been acting as interpreter?"

"No, my Lord."

"How many of the Indian languages can you speak ?"

"Yes, my Lord."

No matter what the Bishop asked him he could only elicit from Peter yes or no, so that the Bishop was obliged to send him back to Mr. Crowley with a note asking the Archdeacon to come and interpret for his interpreter.

Of course when Peter came to understand that he was at liberty to speak to his Lordship as to other mortals, an understanding was soon arrived at, and arrangements made for the episcopal visit.

In the early days of Protestant missionary effort in the west the missionaries were largely dependent upon the Hudson Bay Company.

On this occasion a light boat had been placed at his lordship's disposal with a full crew, guide and steersman, bowsman and six middlemen, with the necessary provisions and supplies. On the day and hour appointed the Bishop was driven from St. John's to Fort Garry where he found everything in readiness. Those who have seen a boat brigade in voyage in the times of which I write will testify to the picturesqueness of the scene. The stalwart crew were dark and bearded

men, with hair down to their shoulders, dressed in capots and gaudy sashes and beaded leggins and moccasins.

On the arrival of the Bishop the great Union Jack with the H.B.C., on it was run up on the flagstaff and probably a salute fired. The Governor and as many of the staff as possible accompanied his Lordship to the boat.

In bidding his Lordship farewell the Governor said, "Now, my Lord, the guide, who is also steersman, understands his duties and will see to it that the others do theirs. You will find in the boat provisions for your crew; and in this hamper others for yourself. In my canteen, which I have placed at your disposal, you will find wines and liquors for yourself, and in that little locker under the stern sheets is a supply of rum for the men. You will of course follow our time honored custom of giving the men an occasional 'regal' (dram) but you will do well to keep the key in your pocket, also the key of your canteen; liquor is the only thing with which these men cannot be trusted."

The Governor then stepped ashore, the two oars that had formed an extempore gangway were pulled in, and amid the cheers of the party on shore the first episcopal expedition launched out into the stream. Under the sturdy strokes of the swarthy boatmen they soon rounded the point and vanished from sight.

As their course lay down stream they made rapid progress and not till several miles had been made did the guide give the word and the oars were shipped as one, with a rattle, and the men commenced to fill their pipes.

After smoking in silence till their pipes were out the guide remarked something to Peter who stood up and said,

"Oh, the my Lord, the men are wanting it of the dram."

The Bishop, who was sitting under an awning on the sternsheet, reading, looked up, smiled, but gave no further sign, and read on. It is probable that he, worthy man that he was, proposed in his own mind then and there to begin a temperance reform. If so he reckoned without his crew, as the sequel will show.

After a silence of some minutes Peter again addressed his Lordship;

"Oh, the my Lord, the men are wanting it the dram."

Again a silence that might be felt and once again Peter spoke, this time his trumpet giving no uncertain sound.

"We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord, the men are wanting it the dra-a-am."

Whatever plans the Bishop may have formed of temperance reform, he concluded that the time was not opportune for the commencement of the campaign and so Peter's importunity had its legitimate reward.

The Fiancé of Elise

By
Julia Frances Wood
Author of
"An Andalusian Ally," etc.

Illustrated by
Normand Borchardt

THERE was the usual stir preliminary to arriving at a destination. The Jesuit priest beside Miss Howland stopped perusing his breviary and dusted a mangy fur hat; the corpulent Spanish beauty opposite adjusted her mantilla at a more coquettish angle; at the other end of the compartment the three officers, for the first time since leaving Madrid, removed their stare from Miss Howland's impassive countenance. She herself reopened her sister's letter.

It was very like Isabel in its rambling incoherences, and Miss Howland studied it with a frowning perplexity which alternated with amused resignation. By the ninth page she was smiling helplessly—a smile which broke the cold classicism of her features and the haughty line of her mouth and chin into a sudden warm animation. It was the mouth and chin which had made her a power in the work she had chosen to do; it was the smile which had won her a host of friends; and it was the humor crinkling the clear eyes which made her thirty-five years sit so very lightly upon her serene brow.

"I would attend to the matter myself if I could," the ninth page had begun, "only I really am not strong enough to stand the awful hotels of Spain. You can easily run up on your way back from Egypt, and besides you always carry out so splendidly everything you undertake, I know *you* can straighten out the tangled skein of poor little Elise's life. The dear child is a different creature since I have told her I will write you to help us out. I have done everything I can from here—I wrote Mr. White, the minister with whom Harold went to Spain as secretary, and *he* has inquired of all the different consuls, and the last information they could get was that there was a Harold Wycliffe in Toledo, and of course it is an unusual name. And being such a very delicate matter, I said right away to Elise, If Cynthia will only see him personally and tactfully discover just what the trouble is and the reason for his strange silence! My dear, if you could hear the *ardent* love letters he used to send her—she always read them all to me; and I was here all through their romance and have never *seen* a man more madly in love. He *begged* Elise to marry him before he took that appointment, only her mother was so sick then she couldn't, and he was to come back for her in a year. And then

after about six months he began to send picture post cards instead of letters—though still *faithfully*—and then finally this terrible silence which has nearly killed Elise. There is no one to ask about him here as he has no permanent home and just came to Gadsden—like me—for the summer to sketch. Elise still believes in him and insists she always will until it is *proved* he is faithless, and what makes it worse is that there is another man who is in love with her, and her mother naturally urges that, as you know they are quite poor, and of course it would be far better for Elise as he is very well off, only I for one sympathize fully with the child in her attitude. And another complication is Harold's mother's jewels and his dog, both of which he left in Elise's care, and which, as matters stand, she would naturally like to send back to him. It is impossible for her to forget him with that terrier—which is a most horrid little beast—always about bringing memories of him. So what I want you to do, Cynthia dear, is to see if you can discover him in Toledo and find out why after he left Mr. White he did not come back here, and if he is faithless and there is perhaps another woman—which remembering his letters I *cannot* believe—or if he still loves Elise and some fatal obstacle has arisen, which I think must be the case, though certainly no one can deny his behaviour has been strange. And in any case will he please give his address that she may send to him the jewels and the wretched dog. It really means a great deal to me because I have spent so many summers with them here in Gadsden, and they were so good to me when I was sick—and as for Elise, I really love the child and want her romance to be a happy one."

It was the last sentence which had sent Miss Howland to Toledo, despite her amused rebellion at her somewhat unusual errand. For Isabel's romance had *not* been a happy one, and behind the substantial bulk of her forty odd years lay some very bitter tears and a lasting heartache.

"There's a simple, pleasant day mapped out for me," Miss Howland told herself with withering sarcasm. "First step, to track the recreant Harold to his lair; second, confront him with his perfidy; third, pinion him while I pour forth a tale of Elise's sufferings which may melt him to remorseful sobs; fourth, if oratory prove useless, floor him with the tea-basket and drag him to the steamer. If Isabel wants him for her Elise, she shall have him."

She found herself tingling with quite a pleasurable excitement in anticipation of the coming struggle as she walked briskly up the long road from the station followed by a Murillo-faced boy, in charge of her tea-basket. She was revolving a truly masterly address as she turned the corner which led upon the bridge and stumbled breathless upon Toledo.

She had not begrudged her rapid flight through the golden orange groves of Andalusia, but at first sight of Toledo's dark old towers frowning savagely down upon her from behind their inhospitable ramparts, she rebelled against the few hours given her in the midst of them. Her errand had grown suddenly hopelessly commonplace and uninteresting, her list of addresses and sleuth-hound intentions hideous anachronisms. Sherlock Holmes could not be born for centuries; it was a lute she should have carried as she wandered beneath those narrow grated casements in search of a recreant knight. That ancient bridge, whose heavy arches were green with the lichens of a thousand years, whose worn stones had rung with the victorious tramp of Roman, Goth, Moor, and Christian, stretched far beyond the narrow waters of the Tajo to span centuries. Only fifty miles away in Madrid a turbulent, twentieth century Cortes was promulgating decrees which rocked perilously a throne of five hundred years; but the shadow of Philip the Silent still brooded over Toledo. With the passing of those battlemented, virgin-guarded portals Miss Howland found herself groping in the dusk of the middle ages.

Time had moved indeed when she reached the inevitable plaza, where thriving shops and cafes lined a bare

triangle and apparently the entire population was sunning itself on rickety benches. The stir of the market, the bright piles of red peppers and pomegranates, the jaunty cadets from the Alcazar pursuing tirelessly a path of flirtation, lent the first touch of movement and color she had seen in the general somberness. But from the Zocodaver in each direction stretched a mediaeval tangle of dusky streets; only a few steps below was the inn of the immortal Cervantes; and the broken towers of Moorish mosques and hoary monasteries dominated with invincible gloom the one feeble touch of modern life.

Miss Howland had begun with the imposing stone front of the Castilla and plodded through the list of hotels she had culled from Baedeker. Always she met with the graceful national courtesy, the same eager offers of assistance, and a painful lack of results. When she had exhausted that resource, she searched the nearest side streets, honorably shutting her ears to the myriad voices which called her from each fascinating zig-zag turn beyond. It was the air of conspicuous spotlessness in a land of dirt which led her into the queer little Spanish fonda, with its tiny anteroom tiled in gorgeous reds and blues, where she pursued for principle's sake her usual formula. She was struck dumb when the clerk turned in answer to a man sitting scanning a newspaper within arm's length of her.

It was not alone that she had caught and trapped him in this securest of retreats; it was his disconcerting lack of resemblance to the Harold Wycliffe she had unhesitatingly conjured and pursued. She had come to reason with a thoughtless boy. This was a man whose sins, whatever they were, would be of conscious commission, and were not to be lightly mentioned, who stood looking at her now with a grave and questioning dignity. She found herself stammering like a helpless school girl as he rose and came forward to his name in evident startled reluctance.

"I hope you will pardon this intrusion," she apologized almost breathlessly for self-contained Cynthia Howland. "I am a friend of Elise Dearborn's, and I should like to talk with you about her, if you will permit me."

He bowed, looking about the little room with its interested clerk and lounging spectators in the comedor beyond. "If you will come outside," he suggested, "perhaps we can find a better place to talk."

He led the way with a swift surety towards the maze of twisting streets she had longingly surveyed, and in a moment they were lost in a confusion of rocky turnings where grim, tall houses, latticed and iron-barred, bounded forbiddingly a slender strip of sky. The strange, remote spell of the gray old town caught her again in its inevitable grip; she moved in another world, in another age. The man beside her, whose dark profile blended with a curious fitness into its stern background, needed only a sword and armor to make the illusion complete.

Something of this was in her face as he deigned to give her an occasional swift scrutiny, and when a final turn brought them past San Juan de los Reyes, with the chains of Christian captives clanking mournfully against its walls, with behind them a tangled network of dun roofs, pierced by Moorish minarets and Catholic crosses, and below, the yellow bridge of San Martin spanning a terra cotta river, Miss Howland gave a little spontaneous cry of rapture which brought a sympathetic gleam into her companion's eyes.

"And I have only one day for this wonderful place!" She mourned in genuine regret. "I have barely time to make my boat as it is."

Elise's fiance seemed to form a sudden resolution. "I wonder if you would care to let me show you the place?" he suggested. "I know it pretty thoroughly, and it wouldn't be pleasant for you to go about by yourself;—the beggars and small boys make a rather unattractive combination, and the guides aren't all to be trusted. If I take you to your hotel after our"—he hesitated for a word—"our interview, it will be dreary for you waiting there

"AND I HAVE ONLY ONE DAY FOR THIS WONDERFUL PLACE," SHE MOURNED IN GENUINE REGRET

all day for your train. Would you be willing to postpone our talk until this afternoon and take me on trust in the meantime?" A sudden gleam of humor lightened the grimness of his face. "I give you my parole. I won't try to escape. It would give me pleasure if you would be my guest for to-day," he added simply.

There was so much of quiet breeding in his voice and manner that Miss Howland could not have taken offense at any unconventionality in his request As it was she hesitated only a moment. while she studied with frank intentness the face before her. It was as far as could be imagined from the blond boyishness she had unwarrantably attributed to the lover of Elise. It was hard to tell just how old he was—the vigorous alertness of his sinewy strength contradicted so flatly the few gray hairs and the eyes which had left their youth behind—the tiredest eyes she had ever seen, Miss Howland thought, and the bitterest mouth. They met her searching gaze with a grave steadiness as he awaited her verdict.

"Thank you," Miss Howland answered them with the cordial charm few people could resist, "I should enjoy that very much. Where are you going to take me first?"

Where he did take her she had afterwards only the haziest of remembrance —only a confused impression of a labyrinth of tortuous streets where it was easy to believe the famous bull of Toledo had indeed once wedged his horns. Here they ended in a broken wall or black passage; there sloped precipitously down steps of stone, or wound beneath the carved and massive portals of some ancient gate. Sometimes dark eyes peered down upon them from a grated casement; a limbless beggar would pursue them with his whining cry; a touch of scarlet geranium, an officer's brilliant uniform, would lighten the gloom that wrapped them in: but everywhere brooded a silence stronger than any passing surface sounds, born of that past which had never ceased to be in Toledo. There were streets indeed which might have been of the dead in their stillness and frowning desolation; others, where men and women still worked and loved and suffered; both alike lay beneath the impenetrable spell of a bygone age.

There were memories too of a dim hour in the great cathedral against a mysterious background of solemn music and chanting, of sombre lines of priests threading ghostly columns, and the wavering gleams of censers touching shadowy tombs and saints; of loiterings in gray ruins where the victorious Cid once trod, or some Arab maiden listened fearfully to the voice of a Christian lover; always and above all memories, vivid and unforgettable, the companionship of a mind that leaped understandingly to meet her subtlest thought.

All his unmanly past she had known, his future she was to straighten, had faded incredibly in their comradeship. He had lost much of the grimness which had marked him at first, and the bitter lines about his mouth had vanished as the two laughed together. He had been as merry as a boy over their lunch, which with the aid of a muchacho and a pencilled message he had miraculously evoked: crisp Vienna rolls and the creamy butter of France, golden honey, fresh figs with luscious, rosy hearts, corpulent Malaga grapes, and for dulce the famous mazapan of Toledo. They had eaten out-of-doors on the stone steps of a venerable cross beyond the bridge of San Martin, and Miss Howland had made tea on its moss grown ledge, while he watched her with a wistful absorption.

"It's been so long since I've seen a woman doing that," he apologized as she looked up and met his gaze, "I wonder if you can dream how good it seems."

The shadow of her errand had touched her then, but only for a moment. They had talked and laughed and eaten more like children on a holiday excursion than the man who had played with a girl's life and the woman who had come to call him to answer for it. When they had finished, he told her legend after legend of the strange, stern old city across the river while Miss Howland,

who had seen and heard many things, listened with kindling eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Probably there is as strange a tale about this very spot," he ended. "They raised crosses here to commemorate a murder. I suppose if each one had its cross, one could not walk for them in Toledo. Blood and violence and sudden death"—he mused—"every stone calls it. Do you suppose there was ever any laughter or happiness there—anything but swords and war ?"

In truth it seemed the very citadel of Mars, crouched menacingly above fierce cliffs and precipices, with below the sullen Tajo foaming through an impregnable gorge—a jagged outline of gray ramparts and watchtowers, scarred by countless combats, beaten by wind and war into sinister grays and browns.

"Strange what a charm it has," the man said. "Grim and hostile as it is, the place somehow grips you. Even *I* feel it, and Heaven knows I have cause enough to hate it," he added gloomily.

The words stung Miss Howland into a curious pang of remembrance. The carefree happiness of the golden morning dropped away, and she studied with a new outlook the man at her feet, striving to fathom the mystery of the strong mouth and sombre eyes. There must have been many such days for Elise to remember, she thought, and for the first time Miss Howland, whose happy, wholesome life held small sympathy for broken hearts, lost a little of her contemptuous pity for the girl who had read to Isabel her love letters. Lined and stern as the face before her was, it was not one to pass lightly out of a girl's heart.

He was staring down at the silent river, whose dark waters matched the glowering battlements above. "It is Lethe itself," he murmured, "one forgets time—the world itself—in Toledo."

"There are some things," answered Miss Howland in remorseful loyalty to her trust, "that I should not imagine a person *could* forget."

"One can't, worse luck," her companion returned. He rose, the old bitterness again in his face. "Shall we go on ?" he suggested with a sudden chilling formality.

But with the entrance of the gates they drank again of Lethe, and Miss Howland slipped once more into that enchanted land of the past, where in a city of silences nothing was real save herself and that dominating presence beside her. The sun was dropping over the horizon when they came out upon the bridge of Alcantara, which eons before Miss Howland had first crossed. It was she who discovered the tiny square door in its portal, where within a winding staircase loomed darkly away into obscurity.

"It leads to the old portcullis," her companion answered her inquiry. "Yes, there's a wonderful view up there, but I don't know—" he surveyed doubtfully Miss Howland's trig elegance—"the steps are very dark and steep and cobwebby—they are hundreds of years old. Do you think you can make it ?"

They more than justified his description, but Miss Howland climbed them dauntlessly to the top. The white-haired custodian went with them to where the portcullis, which had once dropped clangingly to countless alarums now rusted with age, but shook his old head before the narrow black flight which wound still upward to the tower.

The first shadows of the swift night were touching Toledo as they came out upon the battlemented parapet. They stood between two savage walls of rock, cut asunder by an implacable river. From their fierce heights a solitary Moorish ruin faced in defiance the forbidding splendor of the imperial city. They were engulfed in a silent desolation so profound that Miss Howland turned in a conscious relief at the sound of her companion's voice.

"The time has come, the Walrus said, to talk of many things," he was quoting. "Will you tell me please what it is you came to say to me ?"

The words were light enough, but behind them was a grave challenge Miss Howland found herself strangely unable to meet. Her errand itself seemed suddenly an unpardonable

intrusion, the check book in her bag with which she had been prepared to aid his home coming an insult before which her cheeks burned. For once her graceful self-possession deserted her, and he had to come to the rescue of her embarrassed silence. He drew from his vest-pocket a flat, Florentine miniature-case and handed it to her.

"It is about her that you wish to speak, is it not?" he asked quietly.

The young face which looked brightly forth she had seen unmoved many times before on Isabel's dressing-table; now in its soft tints and curves it made her, with all her poise, her charm, her imperious good looks, feel hopelessly old and worn. She began speaking hurriedly with a simple eloquence.

"I hope you will forgive what I am going to say—it seems such an impertinence to interfere like this in people's lives. My only excuse is that it is Elise's happiness which is at stake. I do not know her myself, but my sister loves her very dearly, and it is she who sent me. She wanted me to tell you that Elise still loves you, still believes in you. Even after you stopped writing and began sending those picture post cards—" despite the gravity of the moment and her own strange depression of spirits, Miss Howland could not forbear a fleeting smile—" "even after your long silence, she still refuses to lose her faith in you until she hears from you yourself that you have ceased to care. If that is true, which seems impossible,"—she looked wistfully down at the pictured face—"won't you write and tell her so and let her at least begin to try to patch up her life without you? Anything would be less cruel to bear than that suspense and waiting. Then there are your mother's jewels and the dog you left behind—she wishes to return them to you if you are not coming back."

She could not see his face as he leaned motionless against the parapet, his eyes fixed upon the tawny river. When he spoke, however, his voice showed that he was moved.

"You say she still believes in me!" he repeated with a certain wistfulness.

Miss Howland forced herself to a further effort. "She still loves and trusts you," she answered steadily. "If you go back I can promise you a royal welcome."

"I can't go back," he returned, and faced her unflinchingly, the dark, baffling eyes holding hers. "Will you tell her please that I appreciate her faith in me, but that I am not worthy of it—I am not the man she thinks me. That no greater misfortune could come to her than that I should return—no greater kindness than that I stay away. It ought not to be hard to forget me when she knows me for what I am. And will she please keep the jewels and the dog—or do with them as she chooses—I do not want them back.

Miss Howland found herself straining desperately to read a further meaning in those inscrutable eyes.

"Is that all?" she asked at last in helpless incredulity, and he repeated with a finality she could not question,

"That is all."

They climbed down in silence the steep spiral of the stairway, and in silence gained the road across the bridge. There Miss Howland stopped and held out her hand.

"Please do not trouble to come with me to the station," she said, "I see the hotel coach coming down the hill and I can just take that. I am sorry I was not more successful in my mission, but at least I have to thank you for a very pleasant and unusual day."

He had not taken the hand she offered him, "Would you be willing to shake hands," he asked slowly, "with a man who has acted as I have done?"

Miss Howland looked up at him with a sweet sincerity. "I don't pretend to understand your actions," she answered simply. "I only know that after to-day I am as sure as Elise is that there is some good reason for them, and that you are justified in them. That is what I shall write her," she ended—"and that she is not the only one who believes in you."

He had her hand then in both his own, looking down upon her with eyes which were not loyal to Elise.

"I thought I could let you go," he was telling her, "but I can't— I can't. Do you really think," he demanded tempestuously, "that I look like a man

DO YOU REALLY THINK," HE DEMANDED TEMPESTUOUSLY, "THAT I LOOK LIKE A MAN NAMED HAROLD?—THAT, WHATEVER MY OTHER CRIMES I COULD BE GUILTY OF THOSE POSTCARDS?'

named Harold ?— That whatever my other crimes, I could be guilty of those post cards ?" Despite his laughter he was struggling with a very real emotion— "I wouldn't send the dastardly things to my worst enemy, let alone a girl who loved me. Or that I would leave my dog to the care of a woman ?—she probably forgets to feed it half the time ! Don't you know after to-day there isn't any place in the world you could send me I would not go for you if I could—only not to Elise—I am not the man she wants."

In the breathless shock of that moment, as Miss Howland leaned limply against a battered and convenient statue of King Wamba, she was aware in the midst of her amazement of an overwhelming and inexplicable gladness.

"The message was honest enough," the Unknown was continuing. "From the little I had the misfortune to see of Harold Wycliffe, I am quite sure it would be the best thing in the world for his fiancee never to see him again. I roomed next to him for a month, in the fonda where you found me. When he departed—with a decidedly suspicious haste one morning—leaving behind him no address and most of his luggage —this was found on the floor of his room"—he held out the miniature— "you can see how much he cared for it. You'd think eyes like those might keep a man straight, wouldn't you ? I've carried it around myself for company ever since—it's such a happy young face—and at least she's safer even in my keeping than in Wycliffe's." He drew a long breath and faced her squarely. "I am Geoffrey Carewe," he said.

"I see there is no need for me to introduce myself further," he added bitterly at Miss Howland's startled gasp. "The newspapers have done that thoroughly enough. I have to beg your pardon for intruding myself upon you as I have. Wycliffe—poor devil—left a note for me, as I was his only compatriot here, begging me if any one made inquiries for him to keep them from knowing for a time at least that he had left Toledo. He was in a scrape as usual—he isn't bad—it would be better for that girl if he were—but he's too weak for that. When the clerk referred you to me—all English names are the same to these Spaniards —and I saw you took me for Wycliffe, it seemed the easiest thing to let you go on thinking so. Though it wasn't Wycliffe so much as the temptation of your companionship," he confessed honestly. "I came here to Toledo to get away from everyone, but somehow from that first moment at San Juan de los Reyes it was different with you. And afterwards I hated to break the spell and tell you who I was—it was a kindness to Wycliffe and to the girl to keep still—and I wanted to keep for myself unspoiled the memory of this perfect day." He paused abruptly. "But it's a thing too strong, too vital—what this day has meant— to be content with any mere memory," he told her with sudden fire. "Will you let me tell you I am not the coward you may think me for having run away from New York ? I would have been glad enough to have stayed and fought those calumnies—as I could have easily enough—if I had thought it mattered to anyone in the world— least of all to myself. They weren't true," he added simply. He searched Miss Howland's troubled face in an anxiety half wistful, half defiant. "You said once you believed in me—do you take it back ?"

Miss Howland's clear gaze met his unfalteringly, "I do not," she said.

"I don't suppose you can understand," Carewe began again a trifle huskily, "your outlook upon life is so sweet and sane—just how desperate and sick of everything I felt. All I cared for was to get away from everyone and find some hole to crawl in where no one could ever point me out again. I married when I was very young and made a big mistake—we weren't congenial at all"—he dismissed delicately the well-known eccentricities of the late Mrs. Carewe—"I never had any home life, and was the more wrapped up for that reason I suppose in my few friends. And when that scandal came—through the treachery of the man I loved and trusted most." the strong face darkened, "and the

friends I would have sworn would stand by me believed all the things they said about me—why, quite suddenly nothing seemed to matter any more or to be worth fighting about. The game wasn't worth the candle. That was before I knew you."

There was a long breathless pause. Miss Howland, who had seen love in many men's eyes and met it with laughing mockery, for once was strangely silent.

"I am not going to ask anything of you now," Carewe said with an intensity the more eloquent for its restraint. "I haven't the right, until I've forced those lies down their throats and can offer you an untarnished name. It's enough now just to know that there's a woman like you in the world." He stopped her protest with an imperious gesture. "Not know you!—a day in Toledo means more than ten years in New York! I know you and I—" he checked himself resolutely. "First I'm going home to fight and then—I'm coming back," he promised her— "but it won't be to Elise."

Toledo had vanished in a chasm of mists as the train swept away from it into the desolate plain towards Madrid. Miss Howland leaned forward for a last look at its few lights, gleaming valiantly against the beleaguering night. In that tumult of bewildering and undreamed-of emotions which possessed her—aching joy and tumultuous unrest, a disquieting sense of loss and of infinitely precious gain—more insistent even than that close memory of a man's strong handclasp and masterful eyes, she was conscious of an overwhelming and tender compassion for Elise.

THE PASQUE FLOWER

BY FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

MEADOW-LARK and spring's young wind —faintest breath of flower—
Bind my eyes —I'll tell you Time and Place and Hour.
Time, it is mid-April; Place, the prairie brown;
Moment, when the Pasque-maid dons her purple gown.
Now I know the savor of all springtide's grace,
While I draw the furry stems soft across my face.
Meadow-lark and sunshine! Though eyes hidden be,
I have found you once again, my anemone!

Eminent Canadian Scholars In the United States

By Cyrus MacMillan

CANADA'S population is comparatively small, and her educational history is comparatively brief. Yet Canada has done more than her share in giving to the world a number of eminent scholars whose writings and researches have increased the store of human knowledge. She has contributed largely in brains and service to the greatest American universities, until almost every university of note in the United States numbers one or more Canadians on its staff. The majority of these men are leading authorities in their special fields of study, and the results of their researches are accepted with respect by scholars throughout the world. This latter fact accounts, perhaps, for the eagerness of American colleges to secure their services.

That this band of outstanding scholars should be lost to Canada at the time of her growth and critical development is unfortunate. Why they are lost is an unanswered question. It is pointed out in explanation that Canada has no strong graduate school in which students are trained for educational careers; that consequently students seeking graduate instruction must enter the large graduate schools of the United States colleges; that because of liberal inducements they remain in the alien country and are lost to their own land. This explanation is not without force. The graduate school problem is one which the larger Canadian colleges are to-day trying hard to solve. Another theory is the old one of the prophet without honor in his own country. It is said that Canadians in college work have no recognition in their own land; that, when a vacancy occurs on the staff of a Canadian university, Canadians are ignored and the vacancy is invariably filled by a man from an overseas school or college who is frequently but poorly qualified in personality or in scholarship for his task. "A Canadian university is a good place for a Canadian scholar to avoid, if he wishes promotion," said a noted Canadian-born professor in the United States recently. How well-founded is this theory, the Canadian colleges can answer. The regrettable fact is that a glance at the faculty lists of the majority of Canadian colleges shows it to be not without truth.

Some of the foremost American universities have Canadian-born presidents. President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell, is a native of Prince Edward Island; he received his early college training in Canada. President Hill, of the University of Missouri, is a native of Nova Scotia; he took his first college degree at Dalhousie. The group of Canadian-born professors connected with the teaching forces of American colleges is a very large one. Professor Le Rossignol, the noted

economist of the University of Colorado, and Professor MacDougall, the eminent psychologist of New York, are both graduates of McGill, and claim Canada as their home-land.

But of all United States colleges, Harvard University has the largest number of Canadian-born professors on its staff. Of these, the majority are from Ontario. Harvard has also the largest number of Canadian students in its various departments. Canada sends more students to Harvard than any other foreign country. This is not unnatural. Harvard is the oldest and greatest university on this continent. Its history covers a period of almost three hundred years,—a long period, even in the life of a nation. Its birth was almost contemporaneous with the settlement of the New World. It was British in its foundation, and for one hundred and forty years it was British in its allegiance. To-day it is American, but it is the leader on this continent in the new international movement,—federation through education, and through the exchange of professors with England, Germany and France; it is one of the most cosmopolitan universities in the world, and it continues to draw large numbers of British students.

Another reason for its attractiveness is that it offers more courses in a greater variety of subjects than any other American university. It has not only the largest faculty, it has also the most eminent. From the directory of great living American scholars who have made noted contributions to the world's learning, it appears that of these, Harvard has on its staff a number over twice as large as that on the staff of any other American university; it appears, further, that of those whose names appear in the directory, the number trained at Harvard in undergraduate work is very far in excess of the number trained elsewhere. Harvard's instructors have always ranked high in scholarship, in personality, in humanity. Other American universities have found that there are many things which show off better than brains. Harvard has never succumbed to this idea; it has never yielded to the temptation to cut salaries in order to put up splendid buildings; it spends its income for the education of the present generation instead of hoarding it for the future; it emphasizes brains, not bricks; and so long as it retains its prestige as the foremost university on this continent, its degrees will be sought by ambitious students from Canada.

Canadianism at Harvard is illustrated not alone by the number of Canadian students and professors. Long before Canadian Clubs were thought about in this country, Harvard had an enthusiastic Canadian Club. Its beginning was small; to-day it has a spacious and splendid club-house of its own,—the only college national club-house in existence. The purpose of the club is to promote Canadian spirit and to keep alive Canadian loyalty; to promote social intercourse among its members and to further the best interests of Harvard in the British Empire, particularly in Canada. Addresses are frequently given at its meetings by Canadians prominent in public life. The House is maintained by Harvard Canadians, and by the Canadian students at Harvard, many of whom have their rooms in it; to its support Lord Strathcona and other prominent Canadians have also generously contributed as an evidence of their sympathy with its objects and of their belief in its usefulness to Canada.

Of the distinguished group of Canadian-born professors at Harvard, the oldest is Dr. S. M. McVane, Emeritus Professor of History. Dr. McVane is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was graduated from Acadia College in Nova Scotia in 1865; he then followed post-graduate courses at Berlin and at Harvard, and received his Ph.D. degree in history. In 1878 he became an Instructor in History at Harvard; in 1883 Assistant Professor; and in 1886 Professor of History, the chair he held until his retirement a few months ago. He is the author of "A Political History of Europe since 1814," "The Working Principles of Political Economy," "The Marginal Utility of Value," and many other books and brochures.

Dr. Benjamin Rand, Librarian of the

Philosophical Library at Harvard, is well known to Canadians. He was one of the founders of the Harvard Canadian Club, and is still its leading spirit. Dr. Rand is a native of Nova Scotia, and like Professor McVane a graduate of Acadia College. After graduation he entered Harvard for post-graduate work; for four years he was Walker Fellow; his career as a student was brilliant both at Harvard and at Heidelberg; and, in 1885, he received his Ph.D. degree in Philosophy, his special field of study. Since that time he has been associated with the Philosophy Department of Harvard. Dr. Rand's literary work covers a wide range. He is the author of "A Bibliography of Philosophy," a work of comprehensive scope; of "Modern Classical Philosophers," of "The Classical Moralists," and of several other books.

Dr. W. A. Neilson, Professor of English, is a Scotchman by birth, but he has lived long enough in Canada to be called a Canadian. After graduating from Edinburgh University, he came to Ayr, Ontario. For a time he was connected with the staff of Upper Canada College. He entered Harvard for post-graduate study, and received his Ph.D. degree in English. He then joined the English Department of Columbia University, and in 1905 he became Professor of English at Harvard. Professor Neilson is general editor of the "Types of Literature" series. His investigations in connection with Shakspere and the Age of Shakspere have been extensive; he has edited the edition of Shakspere in "The Cambridge Poets" series and also in the "Tudor Series." He is the author of "The Origin and Sources of the Court of Love," "The Original of the Complaynt of Scotland," "A History of Allegory," "The Essentials of Poetry," and of several other books and monographs which have won wide recognition.

Dr. E. C. Jeffrey, Professor of Botany, is a native of St. Catharine's, Ontario. He was graduated from Toronto University in 1888. He became Fellow in Biology in Toronto University in 1889, and two years later lectu reri n that subject. He then entered the post-graduate school of Harvard, received his Ph.D. degree in Botany, and was later called to a chair in the department. His contributions to American and English scientific journals have been many and important. The chair he occupies at Harvard is one of most interesting traditions, connected as it is with the name of Asa Gray.

Dr. W. H. Schofield, Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature, was born in Brockville, Ontario. He was graduated from Victoria University, Toronto, in 1889. In 1892 he entered the Graduate School of Harvard. He received his Ph.D. degree in English in 1895, studied for a time in Paris and Christiana, where he devoted his attention particularly to Icelandic language and literature, and later was called to the English Department of Harvard. He is now Chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature. Three years ago he was selected by President Eliot, of Harvard as the Harvard exchange professor to Germany, and his selection, because of his Canadian birth and British allegiance, called forth much criticism from a section of the American and German press. Professor Schofield is the author of "A History of English Literature to the Norman Conquest," "Studies on the Libeaus Desconus," "Chivalry in English Literature," and of numerous monographs on Chaucerian subjects, mediaeval literature, and Icelandic literature. A year ago Professor Schofield was the Harvard exchange Professor at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Dr. W. B. Munro, Professor of Government, is a native of Ontario. He was graduated from Queen's University, and later received his Ph.D. degree in Government from the Harvard Graduate School. After a brief period on the staff of Williams College, he was called to Harvard. Professor Munro's work in his special field has been extensive. Many of his publications are of particular interest to Canadians, as they deal with the history of our country. He is the author of "The Seigneurial System in Canada,—a Study in French Colonial

Policy," "The Office of Intendant in New France," "The Jesuit Relations, their Value as Historical Material," "Canada and British North America," and of other works relating to Canadian history. He has also done a large amount of work in connection with municipal government. He is the author of "The Civic Federation Report on Public Ownership," "The Galveston Plan of City Government," and "The Government of European Cities."

Dr. W. S. Ferguson, Professor of Classical History, is a native of Prince Edward Island. He was graduated from McGill University in 1896. He then entered the Graduate School of Cornell, where he received his Ph.D. degree in 1899. After a year of study in Europe, he joined the staff of the University of California; there he remained until 1908, when he was called to Harvard. Dr. Ferguson's work in the field of classical history has won enthusiastic commendation from scholars in Europe and America. His investigations in his "History of Athens" have placed him in the first rank of leading authorities in this subject; the European reviews have referred to him as the foremost living authority. He has published several brochures on subjects in his special field, and his contributions to classical journals have been numerous.

Dr. K. G. T. Webster, Instructor in English, is a native of Nova Scotia. He was graduated from Dalhousie University in the early nineties. He then entered the Graduate School of Harvard, where he received his Ph. D. degree in English, and later joined the English Department of the University. Dr. Webster's special field is mediaeval literature, and his investigations in this field have been extensive.

The members of the above group of Canadian scholars at Harvard are more than investigators and authorities; they are sympathetic teachers; they have the faculty of winning and inspiring students; and in drawing Canadians to Harvard, their influence is a potent force. They are part of Canada's contribution to the world of scholarship, for in their special fields of learning, they take rank among the greatest living authorities. To Canadian school-boys they are outstanding and brilliant examples of the results of industry, perseverance, and study.

THE SELFISH HEART

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

COLD was his heart to patient Love,
Unmoved he walked earth-ways,
Untouched by tender word and deed,
Glad service through long days.

Life sought to teach him but in vain,
And beckoned Death beside
Who led him to a darkened hill
To see Love crucified !

An Unpatented Burglar Alarm

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

EVERY working day for two weeks three wagons had gone twice to Regina, laden with wheat from the fine farm of John Thom, of the South Regina district.

The young farmer had now a goodly sheaf of wheat checks, and, as he was going out, preparatory to taking in his afternoon load, he said to his wife:

"Mary, I think I'll get these cashed, give my team a rest to-morrow, and drive out to old Sharpe's near Rouleau, to see if he won't let me have that quarter that we've been dickering so long about. Now's the time when I've got the money. I'll let the men take the teams and haul to-morrow for Brown; his horses are sick. They'll have to go to-night so as to be loaded up and ready for an early start in the morning."

"Wouldn't it be better, John," asked his wife, "to leave the money on deposit in the bank in Regina, and give Sharpe a cheque if he agrees to your figures? I don't like your having so much money in the house over night, and the other men away, too."

"Oh, nonsense! I must have the money along, for the sight of the wad'll be too much for old Sharpe. We'll dicker for a while, and then I'll just spread the money down before him, and say, 'Now there's two thousand dollars, and I'll not give a cent more.' I know he can't resist the sight of it. We'll go into Rouleau, have the business done up, and have it over"—and John Thom laughed as he looked forward to tempting Sharpe.

His optimism was infectious, and his wife smiled in sympathy, as she stood in the door and watched him starting for Regina.

John delivered his load at the elevator, got his cheque, and taking the others that he had with him to the bank, got them cashed just as the bank was about to close, and stowed the money in his wallet.

Two men besides the clerks and himself were in the bank at the time. One was a jovial fellow, a friend of Thom's, who clapped him on the back, and said, "You'd be a good chicken to pluck, old man." The other, a stranger, was dark, sinister-looking, and coldly observant.

The bustling, unobserving farmer was soon in his wagon, and in the procession of others that were rattling gaily home, the voices of the different men rising above the din as they talked to each other about prices, grades, and the possibility of a blockade.

The stranger who had been in the bank left that building and, after hiring a bicycle, started for a ride into the country. He headed for the south country too. He was on a different trail, yet in that open prairie he had a view of the wagons on the other trail. He knew in what order in the procession John Thom's wagon was, and

noted the place at which it turned in.

Striking across trail he was soon on the road skirting Thom's place. When he arrived there, he seemed to have come from a direction opposite to Regina. Dismounting from his bicycle near the house, he tinkered with it for a while, then leaned it against the fence and went in to ask for a drink of milk. As he passed the open door and windows at the front he sized things up in a rapid glance or two, and patted the two lazy wolfhounds on the head.

At the back door he made his request of Mrs. Thom, who started to get the milk, when the hearty voice of John was heard from within:

"Come in, come in, man, and have some supper. What's a glass of milk?"

The stranger accepted the invitation and had supper with the hospitable, communicative farmer and his wife, and then pedalled in the direction of Regina.

That evening after the chores were done John Thom and his wife adjourned to the parlor, where Mrs. Thom played the little cottage piano, and John sang in his big bass, later reading the papers.

The Thoms' cottage was cozy and they "took the good of it." The parlor was bright and pretty; it had a large, low, double window, draped with lace, and with a cushioned seat running along its sill. The piano stood in the corner nearest the light, a few pictures decorated the walls, and there was a small combined secretary and bookcase, pretty carpet, table, and chairs, and the sheaves of sweet-grass in the vases perfumed the room.

The rest of the house consisted of a "spare-bedroom" off the parlor, a dining room, with the family bedroom adjoining, and the kitchen and men's room in a wing.

After a cozy evening, Mr. Thom wound his alarm clock, and, as this was always the signal for retiring, the house was soon wrapped in the silence of the great prairie without.

But in the dead of night Mr. and Mrs. Thom were startled out of their sleep, and made creepy with horror, to hear the piano being played by ghostly fingers.

How startlingly a run on the shrill treble pierced the dead silence of the night, followed by some deep, warning notes in the bass, then a solemn bass chord, held for a soul-sickening moment and—silence! Mrs. Thom hid her head in the covers with a muffled scream, and her husband sprang out of bed, determined to investigate. As he did so, a terrific crash was heard of a window banging down.

Mr. Thom lit a lamp and started for the parlor, his wife hysterically crying and begging him not to go. She was of Irish parentage, and spooks and bogies were her first thought. "It's a banshee or some awful thing," she shrieked. "I know mother s going to die."

But Mr. Thom was more practical. He went over to the parlor window and saw that the sash was indeed down, but the screen had first been taken off. On the cushions he made a find—a neat little loaded revolver—confirming a suspicion formed in his mind that a robbery had been attempted. But nothing was disarranged in the room, and his money was in its time-honored bank, under his pillow.

The mysterious warning from the piano had come in time—but that was the puzzler—what had caused the playing?

As Mr. Thom went around the room, peering here and there, he saw, in a dark corner, two fiery eyes glaring at him, and, on going closer to investigate, with a spit and a dab at him with her paw, the family cat sprang past him and on to the piano, which she ran across and then from the keyboard to the top of the instrument, where she sat trembling.

"Aha, I've found your banshee," called out John to his wife, who had been too frightened to make her appearance, and was beginning to scream again at the repetition of the elfin music.

As she came cautiously out, he said:

"I think Mrs. Puss had curled up for the night on your window-cushions, and, when the burglar was coming in he frightened her, and she jumped on the piano, giving us the alarm in time."

Mrs. Thom ran and captured the old cat, telling her that she would forgive her for hiding in the house overnight,

for she was a brave old puss, that she had saved them from being robbed and maybe murdered, "so she had," all of which praise the old feline accepted with as much complacent purring as though she had planned the good act that she had unconsciously committed.

John Thom could not leave his wife alone to try to follow the would-be robber, but he had a surmise that his bicyclist guest knew a good deal about it, as a hazy recollection came to him of another onlooker in the bank, besides his jovial friend.

The next day the farmer and his wife locked up their house and went to Mr. Sharpe's and the business of buying the land was accomplished, as Mr. Thom had planned.

While in Rouleau that day, getting the writings drawn up, he saw on the street one of the Regina Royal North West Mounted Police, a friend of his, to whom he related the experience of the previous night, and his suspicions.

The policeman laughed and said:

"I guess you and I are on the same scent.. My business in this town is looking after a wheel that was hired and to be returned at eight this morning. I got it on the station platform here, and I find that a man, answering to the description of its rider, took a six o'clock train from here this morning with a ticket for Minneapolis. But the owner has his bicycle and you have your wad, so I guess we'll let it drop and let Uncle Sam dispose of our man."

COMMONPLACE AND ROMANCE

BY VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

BARE rock and noonday sun,
And sordid landscape round;
The busy common day,
And daylight hue and sound.

The daylight passes o'er,
The evening shadows fall,
The whispering zephyrs wake,
A few lone crickets call.

Soft shades of eventide,
And even's purple light;
Glamor o'er common things—
The star of Love and Night.

This department is under the direction of "Kit" who under this familiar pen name has endeared herself to Canadian women from Belle Isle to Victoria. Every month she will contribute sparkling bits of gossip, news and sidelights on life as seen through a woman's eyes.

SO far the year with the fateful 13 in the tail of it has by no means turned out to be so filled with untoward and terrible events as was the year of grace 1912. This very month one year ago, the whole world was thrilled and shocked by the wreck of the Titanic and the loss of an army of people. It was in the silent womb of 1912 that Scott and his party lay buried, to be discovered only a few weeks ago. Had these two world-stirring tragedies occurred in the year with 13 in it how the old superstition would have rioted and shouted of its deadly power!

Falling into chat with another tramp who likewise was pottering along on the road of Life—which leads towards Death—the Pedlar and his chum of an hour fell upon "superstitions" as the topic of the moment. Our comrade—a wise and sensible being—laughed merrily at the oddities men look upon as serious—"Think of any sane man hesitating about walking under a ladder, or sitting down thirteen to dinner, or spilling the salt—or nonsense of that sort! In the old ignorant days that sort of thing was very well, but to-day with *our* progress, *our* scientific knowledge, our civilization, it is incredible that people are to be found who put any weight in mediaeval rubbish of that kind. What think, you, friend Pedlar?"

That unworthy person, remembering a cramp bone, a nutmeg against ghosts, a horse's tooth against the colic, a sprig of rosemary and one of rue—shrivelled to powder, forsooth, in a little paper packet—against certain ills of Cupid, and the tail feather of a black rooster warranted to preserve whoso carried it from death by fire, sword or water,—all of which were at that moment reposing in his pockets,—hemmed and hawed and side-stepped before he made answer. Then, thus;—

"I do not believe the human lives who has not deep in the roots of his being an uncanny fear of what are termed superstitions. You say you would walk under a ladder without a qualm, or sit down at table with twelve guests making thirteen of it, or take No. 13 stateroom on an ocean trip, but even if you did do any of these things in a spirit of bravado you would find yourself watching for some stroke of ill-luck or other, and you would lay any such that happened your way to your dinner, or your room number, or some of those things. You can't get away from it, pard. It's part of our make-up. It makes me laugh to hear you talk of our latter day 'pro-

gress' and 'civiliaztion' and 'learning.' Why, the ancients forgot more than the cleverest moderns ever learned! Think"—the Pedlar was off on a favorite tack—"think of the great nations and cities that have run their cycle and have been destroyed, burned, lost—with their immense knowledge, their libraries, their scientific equipment, leaving us to begin at the A B C of things! Why, take mathematics alone—" But the comrade of an hour had diverged at the cross-roads and was hastily pursuing his way in a different direction.

Not that the Pedlar saw him. That worthy, once started on the Egyptians and Phoenicians, talked madly for an hour to a serene-faced cow who was staring at him over the fence.

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THE INISKILLINGS

THE "gentleman unafraid" who walked starkly to his death in the Arctic wastes was one of the "Inniskillings." Captain Oates is rated as an Englishman. Maybe he was one, but he belonged to an Irish regiment—

and North of Ireland at that. I am a Home Ruler from the bone out and the skin in, but no one honors the splendid men of the North more than I do. In history, in legend, in story, they are ever in the van. I hate their politics—"confound" the same, but the men are all men. And does there live the woman who does not adore strength, courage, and even dare-devil bravery in a man?

On New Year's Day, 1680, King William III embodied three regiments of foot out of the gallant Inniskilling forces which had fought so well in his behalf. They were called the "27th Inniskillings." They fought through the Williamite wars, and I cannot find it in my heart to forgive them Limerick. In 1739 they went to the West Indies, and fought at Porto Bello on the Isthmus of Darien, from which deadly service *nine men out of six hundred returned.*

They were at Culloden, and at Stirling. Then came America, whither they went at the beginning of the Seven Years' War. They were in the expedition to Montreal, which accomplished the conquest of Canada. The Inniskillings were again to the fore in the War of Independence, when they fought at Long Island and elsewhere. Early in the nineteenth century a second battalion was raised at Enniskillen from men of Armagh, Fermanagh and Down. Then came a third battalion. The latter served under the Iron Duke at Badajos. It was not till 1814 that the three battalions joined hands for the first and last time—namely when they joined Wellington's army at Bordeaux. After this, the first and third battalions came to Canada, and were engaged in the expedition to Plattsburg, while the second battalion went home to Ireland. And now comes 1815—Waterloo year—when the gallant Inniskillings marched through Brussels, from Ghent, without halting, and came up with the army on Waterloo field on the morning of the eighteenth. Not a whit behind their gallant comrades were the brave North of Ireland men. Stubborn courage, magnificent obedience, fearful losses, spelled their record

that day. "Five hundred men and every officer but one knocked over without moving an inch"—Heavens! how this sort of thing sends thrills creeping over the skin!

Bravo Iniskillings—assuredly a battalion unafraid!

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THEIR UNIFORM

THEY wear a pretty dress, scarlet with blue facings. On the buttons is the Castle of Enniskillen, with Saint George's color flying; on the busby a grenade with castle on ball. The waist plate embodies all the honors of the regiment, and there is a laurel wreath upon it within which stands the White Horse and motto "No dangers daunt." The gold lace is of shamrock pattern. To sum up, the Inniskillings are the only Irish regiment in existence that carry and use the old Irish warpipes.

And if you could hear these squeal something would happen to you—that is if you were Irish in breed and bone—the rale ould stock. Over here they have a slang phrase—"up in the air." That is where the war pipes would lift you. You wouldn't know you were yourself at all. Your ancestors would be crowding into you with the wild, eerie, savage, screech of those war pipes until you found every sort of reincarnation of ancient chieftain and proud dame inciting you to mischief of some kind. Brien Boroimhe walked into Clontarf with a hundred of them blistering the air before him. Do you wonder that he licked the Danes one good Friday in the year 1014? And Brien Boroimhe was eighty-eight years of age that same day.

It was to this regiment, the Inniskillings, who alone to-day may skirl the war pipes of 1014, that Captain Oates, of Scott's magnificent little company, belonged—the officer who walked out alone to meet the loneliest, saddest, grimmest fate that may befall any man, to meet it in cold blood, not in the heat of battle, with its ping of bullet, or its barbarian music of splendid pipes of war. Most men can face death like heroes when it comes to them in the madness of war, but it takes a superman to meet

THE HEADWAITER ENTERED, SMILING AND BEARING A LARGE PLATE

Death walking slowly across the ice wastes—laggard Death, who comes not half way, but waits for the slow steps, the faltering, the stumbling of his victim and only then gives Peace.

A toast to—"The Gentleman Unafraid," who glorified by his death a battalion that knew not in all its history what fear was.

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A SARDOU STORY

ONE writing to the Pedlar insists that the only way to lower the cost of living is to foment a strike "among the employees connected with the provision trade." A cryptic saying surely, but explained later as one issuing from a patient in an asylum into which CANADA MONTHLY had, with its usual facility, found its way.

This magazine goes everywhere, you see. No later than a week since a Cobbler sent us a dissertation upon the mending of shoes, and a Swami upon the patching of souls—suit yourself as to spelling—the Cobbler would

have it soles. The mad letter regarding the cost of living recalls the story of an amusing experience of M. Victorien Sardou when he was shut up in Paris during the dark days of the siege of 1870—before you, my dear madam, were born.

It was Christmas Day, and bitterly cold, as Sardou left the battery of Moulin-Joli on the left bank of the Seine, which had been cannonading the Germans at Argenteuil all day. He was hurrying home for a wash at Brebaut's, then the fashionable restaurant. As he left his house a man he did not know came up and showed him with an air of great mystery a basket covered by a napkin.

"M. Sardou, I have something for you if you are willing to give the price."

"What sort of thing? Something in the art line?"

"Something much better than that; something for your Christmas dinner."

Then lowering his voice, he whispered, "A calf's head."

Only those who lived in Paris at that time can realize the seductive attraction of such an offer. There were only a few cows left, and those were reserved for the hospitals. Horse was getting scarce. Rats were one guinea apiece. A calf's head—it was a veritable godsend!

Seeing Sardou's look of surprised incredulity, the man raised the napkin and showed him in the basket a fresh, delightful, appetizing calf's head, eyes shut and ears erect, lying on a bed of parsley. Sardou hesitated no more.

"How much?"

"For you, M. Sardou, almost nothing—$12, basket and all."

The price in those dreary days was more than modest; it was certainly worth double the sum. Sardou didn't haggle about it, but led the way to Brebaut's.

Before entering the restaurant he called the waiter who generally attended him and handed him his acquisition, bidding him speak of it to nobody. The calf's head was not to figure on the menu, but come as a happy surprise to the diners.

After a struggle with a filet of horse, hard as a board, Sardou announced his surprise. A chorus of guesses welcomed the news. "A ham," said one. "Beef, real beef," said another. "Pickled eels;" "A fat pullet with truffles" were other hopes.

Then Sardou declared his discovery.

"Better than any! A calf's head."

Tremendous applause.

The head waiter arrived smiling and, with infinite precaution placed on the table a large plate. Every one leaned forward greedily to have a look.

But there was nothing to see; nothing but a yellow liquid, thick and greasy.

"My head, you wretch! My head!" cried Sardou, enraged at the thought that some one had captured his prize.

"Your head, sir," the waiter said. "There it is."

"How can that be?"

"It has melted."

The fact was that the head the great playwright had bought was made of moulded gelatine. So well was the imitation done, that, as Sardou learned afterward, the ingenious manufacturer had sold some thirty like it.

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LETHE

IT will be just a year on the fifteenth of this month since the Titanic went down. Do you remember what a stir it caused, how the tragedy story throbbed through the world! And now—in a few short months—we have all but forgotten it! A man, a newspaper man, said to me the other day—"Odd, isn't it, how quickly we forget. You remember all the fuss and excitement—lasting for months before the event,—that was caused when Sir Wilfrid went under. Not a word about it now." And one was surprised to find this man—a leader writer, and person of affairs and of some political power—surprised at anything so common as forgetfulness. Why, except for the one or two most deeply concerned—and they must be middle-aged or old, and therefore almost incapable of making new ties and affections—who remembers the grave covered in for two little weeks? The man is gone or the woman. Until the published contents of the will bring the dead to mind for a flashing second

THE MAN RAISED THE NAPKIN FROM THE BASKET, AND SHOWED TO M. SARDOU A FRESH, DELIGHTFUL CALF'S HEAD, LYING ON A BED OF PARSLEY. "FOR YOU, ALMOST NOTHING," HE WHISPERED. "$12, BASKET AND ALL"

they are no longer remembered. So with other things—elections, catastrophies—"Tout lasse; tout passe; tout casse." And such is life.

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MATERIALISM

IT IS the custom—or it seems to have been since we were small—to hear people say "This is a materialistic age; faith is dead; people no longer believe in the old simple way." Always we have heard the wise ones say with wagging head, "The Antichrist is at hand; witness the new sects and religions that are springing up on every hand." And as we grew older, we pondered and wondered, and ever heard the self-same thing.

But a week or so ago the old phrase took more definite form—and was the more alarming because it came from the lips of one in the prime of youth. We had been discussing the unknown—the unknowable—creeds ancient and modern, and the newer, later cults. And after debate and argument one said—

"There is *Nothing*. We talk of a dog's death, but that is what we all die. There is nothing but annihilation."

He who spoke was—while young as years go—a man of wide reading and culture. More, he was intelligent, and intellectual, and not merely artistically intellectual. He countenanced no shibboleth. Mere high-sounding "cultured" sentences held for him no meaning. His tone was

sad—his affirmation as to the absolute nothingness of everything was depressingly final. Above all, he was a man to whose utterances you felt forced to listen, pondering upon them, weighing them.

"But how can you ?" we ventured timidly. "Look at the barren trees and hedges putting forth their brave little green leaves; look at the exquisite resurrection of Nature each spring; listen to the rapturous singing of the birds, watch the tiny wild flowers opening. See it all, the wonderful, and too often unnoticed miracle of the seasons, and say, if you can, that there is no Supreme Being, no superb artificer, arranging it all—say if you can, that all this splendid system is haphazard—that we who have toiled and grieved, who joyed, and suffered, and served here—have nothing to look to but a dog's death—oh, how can you?"

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WHITHER DRIFT WE ?

WHAT difference if each one follows the light he received ? Suppose you are a little bushman of Central Africa, or a sun-worshipper, or a decent Socialist like Robert Blatchford, or a Theosophist, or Buddhist, or a follower of Omar Khayyam ? Suppose that you act according to your little light ? What if religions are many ? They all lead to the same Ideal, whether it be the cross of the Christ, or the blazing sun in the noonday skies. The golden rule is the one that rules the soul. Sacrifice, service, unselfishness—and, doing the best you can. And why deprive poor mortals whose hearts break over the coffin-lid of the thought of another meeting. Why coldly pronounce the fearful, the hopeless dictum that, it—everything—ends with life here, and that the unutterable yearning for the touch of a vanished hand, for the sound of a beloved voice is all useless since such shall never, never again be felt, be heard. Is not this life hard enough without our materialist trying to cut it short for ever and ever with our last breath ?

Better far, believe—no matter how a belief in the unknowable may fetter a mind soaring to such "liberty" as this—better far see God in clouds and hear Him in the winds than be deaf to His call whether that brings to the soul pain and terror instead of peace and joy.

Dying, Stevenson wrote:—

"Young or old, we are all on our last cruise. If there be a fill of tobacco among the crew, for God's sake pass it around and let us have a pipe before we go."

Who then talks of a dog's death ? We are men and women, and around and about us to-day we see the greatest miracle developing day by day—the young grass coming, the little tender flowerets opening, the exquisite green bursting through the pregnant brown buds, the robin sweetly hymning in a paean of joy, his early matins, and all the old world waking to its eternal youth.

And yet people say there is no God, no Hereafter for the indomitable soul of man—nothing but annihilation !

ABSENT

BY CY WARMAN

HOW bitter hard with love like ours
To dwell so far apart;
To mark the tide of frost and flowers.
Sweet sovereign of my heart.

We must accept what fate can give
And thank the powers above,
For O! how sadder 't'were to live
Together without love.